

Twentieth Year—January 25, 1913

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

The GRAPHIC



AFTER THE THEATER

By OLIVE PERCIVAL

A night all fairy-fog, cool and gray,
With buildings dark and vague as ghosts and grim;
Men come and go in the tangled mist,
Like shadow-pictures, delicately dim.
The player's mimic realm the real world seems;
And these but streets of half-remembered dreams.



RALPH FULLERTON-MOCINE

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TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



MORE MUNICIPAL FOLLY SUGGESTED

"BILL" Mulholland for mayor of Los Angeles is the cry of his fool friends, voiced by the Tribune of that city. Angels and ministers of grace, defend us! If ever Los Angeles was in need of an executive having a wide purview of business, with more than a cursory knowledge of finance, it is at this time when the chaotic condition of the city finances, the many predacious attacks on her treasury by theoretical reformers, the expensive undertakings now in progress to which the city is obligated call for a man of affairs of extended experience to take the chair and sit tight on the city's cash box. With all respect to Mr. Mulholland's mechanical knowledge, his engineering qualities, his native integrity, he is not the type of citizen the involved situation demands at this crisis in the city's history. Nor do we believe he would entertain for a moment the ambition to serve as its executive. Not that way lies his serviceability.

In this suggestion we see another of the many unpractical plans advanced by the faction that is striving to retain control of the politics of Los Angeles. Mayor Alexander's administration, for which it is responsible, has proved a lamentable failure, from a business viewpoint. His bureau appointees, in many instances, have been unwise selections, because of their paucity of training in situations that call for the most expert knowledge. Thus, his head of the board of public utilities while filled by a most estimable young man, of undoubted honesty, is without technical information. He was an excellent stenographer, a capable secretary, but in the larger field to which he has been transferred he has had no experience. Continuation of a policy that would give the city more of such kindergarten governing is not to be viewed with complacency by the real friends of the metropolis.

It is true that the Owens River aqueduct enterprise has become the dog to which the municipality is the tail, due to the tremendous demands upon the city's financial resources. One of the reasons advanced by the Tribune for installing Mulholland as mayor is the fact that \$12,000,000 more, in addition to the \$28,000,000 already spent, are required to "finish" what has been begun. Alas! the \$40,000,000 is only part way to a conclusion. Twenty millions and more must go on top of this sum before the taxpayers of Los Angeles will be given respite from bond issuing. In the Owens River valley the system will not prove satisfactory unless the water is pure and the present intake inhibits that desirability. The conduit must be extended, the side streams exploited and a reservoir at Long Valley acquired. Mr. Mulholland's advice in these matters will be invaluable,

but he is not the material for mayor and we are sure he will be the first to repudiate the suggestion. It is not so much a "patriot" that is needed at this time as a man of broad experience in business. Mr. Mulholland has had none outside his own line of work.

VALUE OF NEW TAX SYSTEM PROVED

SENATOR Curtin's revolt against the administration assaults on Amendment No. 1, separating state and local taxes, is not surprising. In his efforts to create public sentiment against this excellent measure the governor has declared that the state faces a heavy deficit whereas the report of the state controller proves to the contrary. Instead of a shortage of \$630,000 which Gov. Johnson has averred will result by June 30, 1913, Controller Nye has demonstrated that a cash balance of \$250,000 will be shown to exist at the period named by the executive. Rising to a question of personal privilege from his seat in the senate chamber at Sacramento Senator Curtin recited these facts and earnestly protested against the action of the governor in deliberately misleading the public in regard to the new tax system of which the senator from Tuolumne is the putative author.

Let us examine the official figures. Turning to the report of the state controller, made to the governor, we find him declaring that the corporation taxes for 1911-12 received under the new amendment for state purposes yielded a revenue exceeding the *ad valorem* general tax, collected in 1910-11 under the old plan, by \$1,226,867.21. Says Controller Nye: "The state of the general fund is at all times the best test of the financial condition of the government, because while the special funds are bound to take care of themselves, the general fund is the one which must bear the burden of all responsibilities not otherwise provided for. Comparisons show that the gain in cash balance June 30, 1912, over that of the year previous was \$925,630.46. For the same two years the cash disbursements from the general fund, when compared, reveal an increase of more than half a million in 1912, yet there remained an excess of \$553,131.48, which indicates pretty thoroughly how remarkably well the new state revenue system stood the strain of its first year's test in operation.

If Johnson's object, as Senator Curtin avers, is to create an impression for political purposes that a heavy deficit in state revenues is inevitable, from which dilemma the governor proposes to extricate the people by drastic measures, he cannot count on the state board of equalization nor the state controller for aid. Their reports, which we have carefully digested, disprove all his contentions and those of his administration barkers who, rushing to the defense of the governor, following Curtin's flaying, characterized the new tax system as "a delusion and faulty."

From the report of the state board of equalization we find that in 1911-12 the county taxpayers effected a total saving for the two years of \$6,968,035.83 due to the new system. From this, however, should be deducted the losses in special district and city taxes occasioned by the withdrawal of property taxed for state purposes. But after allowing all deductions the taxpayers' net gain for the two years was \$5,000,000. But that was not the full beneficial extent of the result of the new system. There was spent for county purposes over and above reimbursement for district losses \$2,500,000 per annum, or \$5,000,000 for the two years, resulting in a total gain for local taxpayers for two years over the old system of \$10,000,000.

To make it clearer let this showing be explained in another way. Instead of sending \$8,168,095.63 in 1911 and \$8,665,114.17 in 1912, or in all \$16,833,209.80

to the state treasury, the county taxpayers have in the two years kept \$6,968,035.83, less losses in special and city taxes (or very close upon \$5,000,000 net) in their pockets, and have had \$6,890,625.25 more to spend for much needed local improvements and local activities, less reimbursement for district losses (or net about \$5,000,000). Now, these figures are official, taken from the report of the state board of equalization direct to the governor and are worthy of all credence. In only ten or twelve counties has the effect of the change in the tax system caused a raise in tax rates, while in thirty-six counties there have been substantial reductions in the rates, despite the fact that the counties are spending, altogether, \$7,000,000 more annually than before tax amendment No. 1 went in operation.

As to whether the corporation taxes should be increased to meet the greatly added expenditures asked of the legislature, or a deficiency tax imposed to augment the revenues, it is to be noted that when the revenue commission and the legislature fixed the corporation rates in 1910 they were based upon a supposed general average tax rate of \$1 in the \$100 of actual property value. However, as local tax rates tend steadily to increase, in time the present corporation tax rates, now regarded as fair, would be, relatively, too low to allow the corporations to pay their just share of the total taxes. It is with this question the state board of equalization is now wrestling, conducting what is intended to be an impartial investigation. Regarding the apparent deficit of \$630,000 to June 30, 1913, Comptroller Nye says the estimated receipts have been placed upon a most conservative basis and that judging by the gain in the general fund in the preceding fiscal year the present year should show a balance on the right side of more than \$250,000, thus refuting the governor's politically pessimistic alarm and indorsing Senator Curtin's emphatic stand in favor of the new tax system.

FREE TOLLS HUMBUG BARED

REPRESENTATIVE Knowland of California rightly says that the question of free tolls to American coastwise ships is a crisis in the commercial and political life of our Republic, but he is arguing from the wrong side of the fence. He would ignore the obligation contained in the Hay-Pauncefote treaty to deal with *all* nations alike insofar as equal concessions are concerned. That the United States would violate all its pledges and promises to the world; would be guilty of false pretenses in its advocacy of general arbitration and would proclaim itself indifferent to national honor and integrity if it refused to submit to arbitration or to retreat from the untenable position it has taken are the contentions of Senator Elihu Root, maintained with great force and logical sequence on the floor of the United States senate Tuesday.

Unequivocally, we agree with the New York senator. The canal zone is not owned by the United States, the territory is ours in trust only, and our "sovereign rights" that a few demagogical speakers have been so fond of voicing have no foundation in fact. Great Britain relinquished her protectorate rights and consented to the authority of the United States in the canal zone in return for the treaty declaration that promised equal terms to all for the proposed canal. To put any other construction on that agreement at this time is to declare the nation a welcher. Absolute equality was the assurance we gave Great Britain and this is in entire harmony with the position taken by the United States from the days of Lewis Cass, secretary of state under Buchanan, who asserted that the nations of Central America had no right to debar the world from passage across the

isthmus. Says Senator Root: "Upon that we base the justice, as stated in President Roosevelt's message, of our entire action on the isthmus, which resulted in our having the canal zone. We could not have taken it for the purpose of securing advantages of the United States over the other nations. We secured that zone only because civilization had a right to the passage, we made ourselves the mandatory of civilization to secure those rights."

Moreover, our representatives assured Great Britain when the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was under consideration that the United States would not, if it could, obtain any exclusive rights over the canal. Clearly, this country is bound by solemn pledge, by treaty, by its word of honor to live up to its implied agreements and to say, as Representative Knowland does, that Great Britain is trying to bulldoze us, with a view to ultimate control herself, is puerile and unworthy of a man occupying a seat in the national congress. Ethically, we have no recourse but to fulfill our obligations. To set up the excuse that this is a domestic question purely is absolutely untenable. How can it be domestic when it affects the commerce of the world? Free tolls to our coastwise shipping mean much more than that. They mean certain disadvantage to foreign competition in trade with the Orient since goods shipped from any Atlantic port could be conveyed to the Pacific coast via the canal, without paying tonnage tolls, and from San Francisco be transhipped to the far east. What a heavy handicap this would be, wholly aside from the greater distance traveled, to a Liverpool merchant. How absurd to call this a domestic question merely.

But more farcical becomes the controversy viewed from the Knowland or free toll side when it is considered that the coastwise ships, already enjoying a monopoly of the traffic, are reputed to be in a close combination to handle the respective territories assigned. There is no "overlapping" and no competition by which the shipper or consumer would benefit. It is fair to assume that similar conditions will prevail after the free toll exemption goes into effect. In that case who will profit by the concession? The people? Not at all. The sole beneficiaries will be the vessel owners in the combine. So, then, to allow them this unearned, unjust privilege the nation is to stultify itself, the treaty is to be violated, the principle of general arbitration is to be traversed and the people of the United States taxed that much more to help defray the upkeep of the canal whose first cost is borne by the entire nation. We fail to see one sound reason, one logical argument why this unfair discrimination should be allowed. It is piling a subsidy on top of a subsidy and is utterly baneful in principle as well as disgraceful ethically. The free toll clause should either be repealed by congress or settlement of the question be referred to The Hague for arbitration.

TURKEY'S COMPLETE SURRENDER

TRUE to the traditions appertaining to the Sick Man of the East, Turkey's attempted bluff having failed in the peace conference, and the continual hammering of the Sultan's fleet by the Grecian men-of-war acting as a prod, the Sublime Porte has capitulated to the demands of the Balkans, as recommended by the European powers and with the yielding of the territory sought the Turco-Balkan war should quickly come to an end. By maintaining a united front, never once receding from their peace terms the Balkan allies have the satisfaction of gaining substantial fruits of victory, an outcome that not always follows.

Adrianople in its entirety is to be ceded and that portion of the Aegean Islands most desired by the Greeks, practically a recovery of their old territory. No cash compensation is to pass, but in many other minor details the demands of the allies are met. That the Porte will ratify the action of the general council, which has unanimously agreed to accept the peace terms is not doubted. The end of the shally-shallying of Turkey is in sight and with it follows the elimination of Turkish rule in Europe save only in the district surrounding Constantinople, the peninsula

of Gallipolis and a narrow strip of land along the Sea of Marmora and the Dardanelles. The status of Crete and Albania is to be arbitrated by the powers.

Thus the work of Mohammed II, begun in 1453 when Constantinople yielded to his siege, is undone to the extent of the last of the possessions acquired in Europe under that powerful Mohammedan leader. The decline of the Turkish empire dates from the accession of Mohammed IV in 1648, but it was not until one hundred years later that her vast European possessions began to dwindle, first by cessions to Russia, next to Greece, and still later by the terms of the treaty of Berlin in 1878. For half a century Turkey's abnormalities have proved a menace to the peace of Europe and the civilized powers are really under great obligations to the Balkan allies for having been the means of removing this source of trouble from Europe. In urging Turkey to accept the terms of peace offered the European powers have scored heavily for themselves. But the Young Turk party may yet kick over the traces.

AMENDING THE "BLUE SKY" LAW

BEFORE Senator Lee C. Gates presses to passage his projected "blue sky" measure, designed to protect the public against fraudulent investment concerns, he would do well to look into the proposed amendment to the Kansas law, after which the California bill is patterned, framed and recommended by the Kansas state bank commissioner. The latter is quoted as saying recently:

I believe the Kansas law is founded on exactly the right principles, with the exception that special provision should be made for the investment banker, or any other person, firm or corporation dealing exclusively in stocks and bonds. The Kansas legislature is asked to amend the law so as to provide for a special blanket permit for the investment banker and others dealing exclusively in stocks and bonds, requiring them to file the statements, etc., required by law in regard to their own bank or firm, so that the banking department may investigate their reputation, both as to the class of securities and their reputations along other lines. When they satisfy the banking department that they handle nothing but first-class securities and their reputations along other lines are found satisfactory, the bank commissioner may issue them a permit entitling them to handle such stocks or bonds as they desire by merely filing a list from time to time of such securities as they are handling, doing away with the necessity of investigating each particular issue, but reserving the right to revoke such permit at any time it is found that the banker or company in question is handling questionable securities. With this provision in the law, I see no reason why any legitimate investment banker should object to the law.

This amendment, if accepted, will silence many critics in California now justly aroused over the contemplated adoption of the present Kansas law *en bloc*. President Elder of the California Association of Investment Corporations has drafted a bill intended to supplant that introduced by Senator Gates, which makes a distinction between investment companies and investment vendors and those concerns offering for sale publicly, securities that are not staples, i.e., United States, state, municipal bonds or approved industrials. Instead of a commission to administer the act a registrar is suggested and a good feature is the provision for public accounting. Holders of stock representing a one-tenth interest in any company may empower the registrar to appoint an accountant to make an inspection of the company's books and submit a report. Any person who shall make any false statement concerning the condition of the company shall be deemed guilty of a felony, and any person who shall offer for sale securities without first complying with the provisions of this act, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor. The registrar is to be appointed by the governor and shall receive a salary of \$3000 a year.

Doubtless, through the activities of the reputable investment companies that have long desired to see a state bureau authorized, having direct jurisdiction over this class of securities, a bill will be framed and enacted that will not only safeguard the public, but will also protect investment companies against competition with the many fake securities that are thrust

on the market. There is no question that many inexperienced citizens, whose knowledge of business is limited, are attracted by the specious offers of big dividends. It is they that need the protection of a law which will stand between them and the sharpers looking for the unwary. The "blue sky" law may be too drastic, but it has many good points and, properly amended, should prove beneficial both to the investing classes and to reputable investment bankers.

"MRS. DARROW SOBS"

SYMPATHY goes out to any woman in distress and although cynics may assert that the wife of a defendant in a serious charge, who allows her tears to flow in sight of a body of talesmen, any one of whom is a prospective juror, has chosen the psychological moment for such emotional display we do not harbor suspicions. With an eye prophetic of the ending she projects her mind to that anxious moment, when, the evidence all in, the arguments of opposing counsel finished, the judge's charge made, the jury filing back, after due deliberation, the foreman rises and addressing the trial judge informs him that a verdict has been reached.

In fancy she strains her ears to catch the words that will decide the fate of the one who, however guilty he may be in the sight of the law, is still dear to her. Is it any wonder she sobs as her imagination riots in this harrowing picture? There is much more of agony in the anticipation than in the realization. The sensibilities, after a time, become, not caloused, not blunted, but frozen as it were. They dumbly receive the shock that has been long feared, long awaited and give no token of the cruel blow dealt. Even as the fountains of joy run dry so also may the facets of pain be so seared that they respond not to pressure. It is one of the bitter ironies of life that the innocent must suffer for the sins of the guilty.

Opie Read has written much that is frivolous and ephemeral, but we recall one graphic short story of his entitled "The Tear in the Cup" that is a classic. A well-born, well-educated man, who has ruined his life and brought shame and distress to his family through his overindulgence in drink, is recovering from a protracted bout and finds himself on the margin of a stream, possessed of a burning thirst, but powerless to alleviate it. In his agony he calls for a cup of water. His faithful wife, hovering near, instantly responds. As she bends over him with the cooling draught, through his bleared and bloodshot eyes, he sees a tear roll down the furrowed cheek of his wife and drop into the cup. It thrills him. In a moment he realizes as never before the sorrow and suffering he has dealt the loyal woman he had sworn to love and cherish and he faces a crisis. With a supreme effort he dashes the cup to the ground, grasps his wife's hands and through his choking sobs cries out, "No, no! I have been drinking your tears all these years and, God helping me, I will drink them no longer!" Let cynics scoff at this who will.

ASYLUM TO AN EDITOR REFUSED

POLITICALLY considered it was a stroke of diplomacy to forbid the entrance of Editor Edward F. Mylius to this country on the specific charge that he had served a term in an English prison for having libeled King George. But in view of the fact that it was a political act purely, even though a dastardly reflection on the reigning sovereign, to refuse admission to Mylius and yet give asylum to countless political exiles from Ireland, Germany, Russia and elsewhere, surely is a measure of inconsistency. Even the declaration of Edward Holton James—scion of an honored family—editor of the Socialist Liberator, published in Paris, that he was responsible for the story, the printing of which landed Mylius in jail, did not avail to save his colleague. The authorities decreed his deportation.

It will be recalled that the libellous matter of which the British ruler complained was a story to the effect that when Prince he had been secretly married to a daughter of Admiral Seymour of the English navy, on the island of Malta, and that two children

were born of this union. This was completely disproved by the representative of the king, who appeared in court to press the charge of libel, and a term in Wormwood Scrubbs prison followed for the editor whose motive, while not of a sordid nature, was in such execrable taste that he deserved his sentence.

But even though he transcended all the ethics in his attempt to discredit the British monarchy that form of fighting is not to be classed as criminal, on which ground our immigration laws may refuse the admission of an alien. There is much more valid reason for the declination to receive Cipriano Castro, whose plans to use these shores to project his revolutionary propaganda that would enable him to regain the control of Venezuelan affairs are fairly well assured. The former dictator is held in durance at Ellis Island on the charge of moral turpitude in connection with the assassination of General Paredes in Venezuela, but no such charge lies at Mylius' doors. We may deplore his wretched taste and denounce the act itself in round terms, but it remains solely a political act, with no evidence of a blackmailing nature accompanying. However, in view of Great Britain's recent courtesies to our dead ambassador it was probably felt at Washington that on the principle of one good turn deserving another the derelict editor should be transhipped.

UNION LABOR UNFAIRLY ASPERSED

WHAT a pity that delegates to the state building trades council, now in annual convention in Los Angeles, are so blind to their best interests, so lost to a sense of the fitness of things as to re-elect to the responsible office of general secretary a man now serving a sentence in the federal penitentiary for certain infamous acts, for the performance of which he was tried and found guilty by a jury of his peers. Another convicted dynamiter was chosen a member of the executive board. Both men received a fair trial and both were adjudged guilty. What does the trades council expect to gain by such a course? Is it done in a spirit of defiance or is it a fatuous, and unreasoning belief in the innocence of their two officers that moves the delegates to so ill-considered a procedure?

How can unionism, per se, expect to gain the respect that its principles deserve when its officials are chosen so ill-advisedly? We cannot believe that the rank-and-file union members approve this attempt to make martyrs of men who from the testimony adduced at Indianapolis gloried in their efforts to violate the law and deal death and destruction to those whom they chose to regard as enemies of labor. The evidence shows that Tveitmoe was particularly anxious to strike a blow at the Los Angeles Times and its management and lo! in the same city that was horrified when another member of the dynamite conspiracy sent to their death twenty innocent men his comrade and co-conspirator is re-elected general secretary of the State Building Trades Council that by such act indorses wholesale murder and honors those directly responsible for its committal.

It is more than unwise, it is suicidal. No cause can triumph that is so heavily handicapped. If the survival of the fittest is to be demonstrated how can the building trades council expect to endure? The delegates to the convention have hanged a millstone about their necks; they must shake it off or they will eventually go under. It is unfair to the trades represented in this body and to the union men who are also law-abiding citizens thus to encumber the cause. Instead of hurling a deft at the federal government the way to win the respect of the enemies of organized labor was to have repudiated all connection with men who spent large sums of money, gathered from their hard-working associates, in criminal wrong-doing. The judicious must grieve at so ill-judged action.

Telegrams were sent to Leavenworth prison, say the dispatches, telling the newly-elected officials of the vote of confidence reposed in them. But how about the vote of confidence to be reposed by the nation in the convention that so sadly ignores the law,

without which chaos would reign? No cause can flourish that is not well-entrenched in the public estimation. It is idle to say that Tveitmoe and Clancy and Ryan and the thirty others found guilty of conspiring to dynamite non-union properties and non-union works were railroaded to prison. They were fairly tried, the confession of McManigal was by no means the chief accusatory factor, since the federal prosecutor amply corroborated his testimony and proved the guilt of the convicted men by evidence wholly outside the informer. Union labor must see that its cause is injured when it belauds the acts of malefactors. But we deny that the rank and file so approve. The men who cheerfully pay dues to advance the principles in which they believe are at the mercy of the leaders who, like the delegates to the trades council convention, perform insidious acts in the name of unionism. It is an unfair aspersion.

WASTED HIS SOUL ALOFT

WISTFULLY pathetic is the story of the little old violin maker from Germany, who came to this country to make a fortune selling fine violins of his own manufacture. But, of course, he presently found that the violins which met a ready market are those that are made in patterns, to sell; the ones fashioned with loving care and given individual attention are for artistic souls and they are few and far between and, usually, penniless. Occasionally, an instrument would be purchased, but not in numbers sufficient to meet daily expenses. When his eyesight failed the lonely old artist crept to his cheerless room above the store, turned on the gas, inhaled it and died.

But his was not an entirely cheerless going away. Neighbors report that quaint music from his violin was heard issuing from the room that was his death chamber until nearly dawn of the morning when his lifeless body was found, with his instrument clasped to his sunken breast. It was not given to them to recognize the seraphic melodies that his art summoned to bear his soul aloft to that starry train which he brought near by the magical strains from his bow. They could not tell that he shut out all disappointments, all sordid surroundings with the first notes of Schumann's "Traumerei," passing thence to Wagner's sublime "Evening Star," dwelling lovingly on Schubert's "Serenade," perhaps, and as the deadly fumes overcame his senses playing with uncertain caressing of the strings his farewell to life in Gounod's noble "Ave Maria." Fainter and fainter grew the sounds, the bow slipped from his nerveless clutch, the old man's eyes closed, his chin bent still further forward on his beloved violin and then all was over. A greater musician than he had—

Smote the chord of self that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

That he awoke to the sound of heavenly strains who can doubt? There is no barred gate to such as he in the realms of the blest, we are sure.

HOME RULE AND ITS AFTER EFFECTS

DESPITE the threats of Mr. Bonar Law, leader in the English house of commons of the Conservative party—which affects to represent the "gentlemen of England"—that he and his associates would "wreck" the home rule bill in the house, that hard-fought measure has passed its third reading by a majority vote of 110 and now goes to the house of lords for its first reading. It was a great victory for the Irish Nationalists for which, of course, the Liberals, headed by Premier Asquith, were mainly responsible. It is true that Mr. Law has referred to the dominant party as "a government of gamblers and adventurers," but so long as the country is behind them Mr. Asquith and his followers can afford to ignore the blatantries of the house leader of the opposition. With the Labor party working hand in hand with the Liberals and Nationalists the home rule bill—characterized by Mr. Birrell as "the soul of Ireland"—has safely reached the haven it has sought for several decades.

Mr. John Redmond, the Irish leader, may be excused for his exuberance of feeling seeing that he

has been working for the attainment of this object for upward of thirty years. Defeats and discouragements he and his colleagues have experienced in that time he said, but never despair. He thought the bill was the final solution of a vexed question and that it would lead to the reconciliation of all the interests at stake between the north and south of Ireland. The Nationalists refused, he said, to regard Ulster men as anything but brothers and he invited them to join with the Nationalists in the emancipation of the government of their common country. He prophesied that in spite of the house of lords, the home rule bill will become a law within the lifetime of the present parliament. While the lords still have their teeth, they cannot bite. This in reference to the veto act which enables Premier Asquith to reintroduce the measure in the house of commons at the succeeding session, and then, again, the next year if it is a second time rejected. The final vote by the house will give the enactment of the measure.

Ulster still remains to be heard from, but while the hot-heads in that rebellious section of Ireland may talk fiercely it is extremely doubtful if they will indulge in armed resistance. Should they do so, however, the Union party on which they rely will surely fail them, for not even Andrew Bonar Law, who is so fond of scarifying the Liberals, will go so far as to uphold such drastic action. As we understand the situation the Ulster Unionists object to home rule because they believe it against the best interests of their country, hence their determined opposition. In the event of its final passage they would prefer to be excluded from its provisions. This, in fact, was suggested as a compromise measure last June, but it was voted down. They have declared that they do not fear so much oppression of the Protestant minority by the Catholic majority as the economic exploitation of Belfast and the prosperous industrial north by the agricultural majorities from the southern counties. This, however, is refuted by the solemn pact and covenant to be signed in the various Protestant places of worship, in effect, calling upon Irishmen to rally round the banner of religious intolerance. This will mean bitter warfare if persisted in and it will require all the tact and diplomacy of all parties in the English parliament to suppress these evil passions. Only by carrying out to the letter all the promises made by the Liberal ministry can so disastrous and virulent an uprising be averted.

FRENCH PREMIER IS PROMOTED

POINCARE'S election to the French presidency is a deserved promotion. As minister of finance M. Raymond Poincaré gave distinguished service and when he organized the new ministry, following the fall of M. Caillaux, he took care to see that it was formed on broader lines than had characterized preceding cabinets for a decade or more. Two of its members were former premiers and other portfolio holders were men of tried experience. For this endeavor to represent more adequately the nation at large, instead of catering to a small group of individuals, M. Poincaré receives his reward. He has helped to give France better standing than his country has enjoyed for years with Germany and Great Britain, and at home has managed to imbue his constituents with a greater respect for the government than had been the wont of the people toward prior administrations.

So far as added political power goes the premier's promotion to the presidency of France is reverse of this, but the honor of being the first gentleman of the French republic is not to be lightly disregarded, even by a successful head of the ministry. The outcome assures a continuation of the *entente cordiale* that has prevailed among the members of the triple alliance, since Poincaré's accession to the premiership, hence his election to the presidency should be favorably regarded by Great Britain and Germany. On this side of the Atlantic we may think our country-disturbing, dual campaigning manner of choosing a chief magistrate is preferable to the French way, but the latter, nevertheless, has its points of appeal.

Strindberg's "Easter" Shows Him as Optimist—By Randolph Bartlett

(TWENTY-NINTH OF A SERIES OF PAPERS ON MODERN DRAMA)

HERE is a problem for the advanced class in modern drama. First take for granted the following characters: An embezzler, serving a term in prison for stealing trust funds from comparatively poor persons; his wife, who maintains her husband's innocence in face of his own confession; his son, a teacher who is persecuted by his students, many of whom are victims of the father's crime; the embezzler's daughter, sent to the asylum as insane, having inherited her father's disregard for the laws of meum and tuum; a boy quartered on the family of the embezzler because his inheritance was lost in the embezzlements; the fiancée of the embezzler's son; one of the larger creditors, who has a legal right to dispossess the family of all property to collect the debt. With such an aggregation of characters, what sort of a play would you expect of August Strindberg, author of "Miss Julia," "The Link," "The Father," "The Dance of Death" and other similar dramas of malevolence? I venture, that every member of the class will fail utterly to suggest even remotely the course of the action, or that, conversely, given the denouement and not knowing the name of the author, the majority might impute the work to Eugene Arthur, Charles Klein, Augustus Thomas or Paul Armstrong, but never to "the terrific Swede."

Following out what is generally supposed to be the Strindberg idea, one might reasonably expect to see the embezzler's wife, suddenly convinced of her husband's crime, persuading her son of the futility of honest living, and urging him on to take revenge on his persecutors by emulating his father's acts, flinging the charity boarder out of doors, and using the insane sister as an unsuspected tool, while the creditor swoops down at the last, seizes ill-gotten gains and all, and ships the family to the poorhouse. This is superficial, however. In previous reviews of Strindberg plays I have drawn certain generalizations; it is unsafe to generalize with Strindberg. His point of view changed so often throughout his life, and his writings are so multitudinous, that there are few principles which can be said to apply to all he did. So far as the stage is concerned in his career, which is typified by "The Father" and "Miss Julia," he appears to be a woman-hater of the most virulent type. This is not so clear, when these works are viewed in the light of subsequent tendencies, and it appears safer to say that he held the Nietzsche view less than he did a broader conception of the right of might, regardless of sex or morality.

Coming to "Easter," however, Strindberg has departed so radically from anything else through which he is known to English readers, that it is necessary to revive completely one's conception of the man. I have suggested the characters he employs, and an examination of them will show that they are the pure Strindberg types, not heroes, not always quite sane, but distinctive and vitalized by real motives—not simply lay figures which are so colorless that they can be made to do and say the most ridiculous things without seeming incongruous. It is in this that much of the European drama is superior to that of the Americans. The latter appear to be trying all the time to place the "average man" on the stage, and then make him do unusual things. The result is melodrama. The Europeans—Ibsen and Strindberg especially—postulate unusual characters, and, given a dramatic situation for a point of departure, they will write their own play. That is naturalism.

"Easter" opens with a scene between Elis Heyst, son of the convict, and his fiancée, Christina. The young man is looking forward, somewhat mournfully, but with a touch of hope, toward the time when his father will be free again, and able to help mend the family fortunes. More specifically he is anticipating a summer trip back to his father's home, with Christina. He is depressed by the disgrace of his father's acts and the thought of his sister, Eleonora, in the asylum, from which reports come that "she does things which lead to prison." Christina, who is rather colorless, even in her sympathy, and inclined to be platitudinous, tries to comfort him:

CHRISTINA. Some persons seem to be born for suffering.

ELIS. Poor you, who happened into this family, doomed from the start—and damned!

CHRISTINA. Elis, do you know whether these are trials or chastisements?

ELIS. What they are for you, I know not. Surely you are not accountable to anyone but yourself.

CHRISTINA. Tears in the morning, joy in the evening—Elis, perhaps I can help you—

Elis breaks off to speak of other things—of a former pupil who has made use of certain ideas of

his to win credit for himself in a brilliant thesis—of Benjamin, a boy who is being kept by the Heyst family in repayment for the loss of his patrimony in the embezzlement—of Fru Heyst herself, who fancies her husband a martyr and his victims scoundrels. All is gloomy for him, but he tries to be cheerful for the sake of his deluded mother. Two more blows are yet to fall, however. He learns of the presence in the city of Lindquist, the chief creditor of his convict father, who has a large claim against the family, and has the right to take the last of their possessions in payment. Then comes the word of the failure in examinations of Benjamin, regarded by Elis as his star pupil, which will result in his being discredited as a teacher.

Into this murky atmosphere comes Eleonora. It is typical of Strindberg that he did not make her an angel-child of the usual theatrical, Little Eva sort. She is about sixteen, slightly demented, highly telepathic, and with a strongly altruistic religious tendency. So sensitive is she that any harsh word spoken in her hearing gives her pain. She escaped from the asylum, and on the way home, seeing a lily in a shop which was closed, unlocked the door with a key which she happened to have, laid her card and a coin on the counter, and took the flower, a rather valuable one. In a conversation with Benjamin her philosophy of gentleness and optimism is expressed in fragmentary bits of precocious wisdom, punctuated with Bible texts.

Eleonora's conversations are all with Benjamin, but all the other members of the household sense a certain charm and calmness that seem to have entered the home with her. Good Friday arrives, and the gloom about the home deepens, notwithstanding the influence of the optimistic Eleonora, for Lindquist has made known his intention to call at the house, and a call from him can mean but one thing—seizure of their belongings, and homelessness. Also, it is noised about town that there has been a robbery at a florist's shop, and Elis, thinking of his sister's flower, is uneasy. Then the final spear-thrust of the day comes from the quiet Christina, who asks Elis' permission to attend a concert with another young woman and Peter, the student who had stolen Elis' idea. His despair reaches the climax. Disgraced by his father, spurned by his associates, betrayed by his friend, in fear for his sister, menaced by his creditor, deserted by his sweetheart—it is indeed his crucifixion day. What hope is there for anyone? Only Eleonora can see through the veil:

ELEONORA. Today the rod; tomorrow the Easter eggs. Today snow; tomorrow thaw. Today death; tomorrow resurrection.

BENJAMIN. How wise you are!

ELEONORA. Oh, I feel already that it has cleared for beautiful weather; that the snow is melting. Tomorrow the violets will bloom by the south wall. The clouds have lifted—I feel it in my breathing. Oh, I know so well when the way to Heaven is open! Draw aside the curtains, Benjamin, I want God to see us!

(He rises obediently; moonlight streams into the room.)

Look, the full moon! It is the Paschal moon. And now you know that the sun is still with us, although the moon gives the light.

Thus the third act opens. Were Strindberg the misanthrope that he is generally regarded, how easy and logical for him to have launched a series of calamities that would make his "Dance of Death" mere academic morbidity in comparison. This time, however, his theme is "Easter," and he pursues it consistently. The question of the drama at the opening of the final act seems to be, is there hope for man in extremis? Elis is on the edge of the abyss. He even expects to drop into the pit. He has lost the impulse to fight against seeming fate. Nietzsche would have such a man shoved headlong, or at least would allow no hand to be held out to draw him back, and Strindberg has been declared to be the dramatic Nietzsche. Act III of "Easter" necessitates a revised judgment.

First, Eleonora is removed from suspicion through the discovery of the coin she left in payment for the flower. Then it is learned that Frau Heyst was not deluded as to her husband's guilt, but simply chose to pretend her faith in him, to make life easier. Then comes Lindquist. Elis greets him gruffly, sees no need for the personal visit, asks "no charity—only justice," and is willing to submit to the legal requirements—all this before Lindquist has announced his intentions. Then follows one of the most remarkable scenes Strindberg ever wrote, of which the following are merely suggestive extracts:

LINDQUIST. Do you know hat if your highly-prized justice had had its way, your mother, as

accessory to the crime, would have been felled by human justice?

ELIS. Oh, no!

LINDQUIST. Oh, yes! and it is not too late yet.

ELIS. Great God!—my mother? All things come back to you!

LINDQUIST. Yes, my young lover of justice, all things come back to us—all! Suppose I were to put this question to myself: You, Anders Johann Lindquist, born in poverty and dragged up amid privation, and to labor, have you the right in your old age to deprive yourself of your children—mark! your children—of the support which you by industry, solicitude and self-denial—mark! self-denial—have saved, penny by penny? What must you, Anders Johann Lindquist, do, if you wish to be just? You plundered no one, but if you think it a bit rough that you were plundered you can no longer remain in the community, for no one wants to receive the pitiless man who asks the return of his own. You see, then, that there is a charity which is contrary to justice and above it—namely, mercy.

ELIS. You are right; take all. It's yours.

LINDQUIST. I have the right, but dare not use it. . . . You must be civil to me, young man, for I am defenseless, since you have public sympathy on your side and I have only justice. . . . Go to the governor!

ELIS. Never. . . .

LINDQUIST. That's worse and worse! I shall begin at the other end. A revengeful person proposes to conduct the suit against your mother. You can prevent it.

ELIS. How?

LINDQUIST. Go to the governor.

ELIS. No.

LINDQUIST. Then you are the most contemptible human being I ever met in my life! And now I shall go to your mother myself.

ELIS. Don't.

LINDQUIST. Will you call on the governor, then?

ELIS. Yes.

LINDQUIST. Peter was faithless—I don't dispute that, nor do I defend him on that score. But the human heart is fathomless, and gold and dross are intermingled there. Peter was a faithless friend, but friend, nevertheless.

ELIS. A treacherous—

LINDQUIST. Treacherous, perhaps, but a friend all the same. This treacherous friend has unwittingly rendered you a great service.

ELIS. This, also!

LINDQUIST. All things come back to us—all!

ELIS. All the evil, yes; and the good is recompensed with evil.

LINDQUIST. Not always. The good also comes back to us, believe me.

ELIS. I must, I daresay, or you will torture the life out of me.

LINDQUIST. Not life—but pride and hatred I shall squeeze out of you.

So the scene goes on, Lindquist fighting to save Elis from the results of his own blind despair, hatred, jealousy, pessimism, because, it appears, early in life Elis' father, who lately had robbed him, many years before had befriended him when he was poor and in desperation. "All comes back to us—all" is the Lindquist "leit motif," and to its cheerful measures the curtain falls on Easter eve with its message of resurrection of life and hope.

It is interesting to note that this play was written in 1901, later in the same year as "The Dance of Death," and one year earlier than "The Dream Play," while among other noted works of the indefatigable genius, "The Father" was written in 1887, "Miss Julia" in 1888, "Creditors" in 1890, "The Link" in 1897. Those desiring to generalize from this set of fact are at liberty to do so. For the present I am content to consider each play by itself.

"Easter" is translated by Mrs. Velma Swanston Howard with keen appreciation of all its qualities. In the same volume are nine short fantasies, part of which are allegories, part fairy stories, part pure realism, and all throwing interesting light upon this marvelous man. One of these, "Half a Sheet of Paper," will prove interesting to those who regard Strindberg as, primarily, a woman-hater. A young man, mourning for his dead wife, has been glancing over a bit of paper on which were memoranda recalling various incidents of his married life, and the sketch ends thus:

"He was not bent when he went out. On the contrary, he carried his head high, like a proud and happy man, for he felt that once he had possessed the sweetest thing in life. How many unfortunates there are, alas! who have never had this."

(Easter" and nine short sketches. By August Strindberg. Translated by Velma Swanston Howard. Stewart & Kidd, Cincinnati.)

(Next week—"The Image," by Lady Gregory, and "Birthright," by T. C. Murray.)

PARIS STIRRED BY BRIEUX' "LONE WOMAN"

THAT poor, lone woman brought by M. Brieux to popular notice through his play, "La Femme Seule," has caused the editorial ink-pots to be emptied of their contents at a great rate and elicited facts which no one suspected, and even congressional inquiry. It is doubtful if the women in question like much to have themselves thus brought into the limelight. I do not know how it may be at home, but over here no woman, except perhaps a domestic servant, can hope to live by her earnings,—at least not in the city—consequently most of them fix up a union with a friend who pays perhaps the room rent. I strongly suspect that something akin to this is going on in the large cities of America. It is not nice, but it is, to an extent, inevitable.

However, no sympathy need be wasted on these women for they choose this lot in preference to domestic servitude, and they have only themselves to blame if they end in misfortune. This hatred of domestic service is characteristic of the times. For, whatever else our times may be bringing forth, they are at least yielding an immense crop of entertainments and of consequent thirst for entertainment. The experienced salesman will tell you that the first quality of good salesmanship is to create a desire for the goods. The dispenser of entertainment will tell you exactly the same thing. If he advertises his show he may not tell the truth about it but he will try to make it seem in a special way seductive. And the thirst for pleasure is growing enormously! It is the greatest danger to morality there is. Work is getting to be a hated thing because it interferes with pleasure. Laziness is getting to seem quite natural and to this may be attributed the constantly growing success of the moving picture shows. Go into any one of the dozens of these places that line the streets any time in the afternoon and you will find it full of young men! Young men! Loafing away their time when they ought to be at work!

Then, too, we are inclined to blame the women, who have been more pleasure-loving than the men, for actually throwing away their lives for recreation. For that is what it amounts to in many cases. In the homes of the well-to-do there are hundreds and thousands of places waiting to be filled while these women, who might fill them if they would, go out to work for almost nothing. In many cases their actual wage is less than that which is paid to a domestic servant, and the servant has a room and board, and often washing, and generally many gratuities, thrown in by her employer. But these factory girls or sweatshop girls refuse to accept such employment. Do you know why? Simply because they lose what they proudly, and foolishly, call their "freedom," and cannot meet their young men around the corner between times.

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Yet M. Brieux asks us to have pity for this sort of idiot! He asks us to believe that a woman who wants to go her quiet way unmolested, earning her living by honest toil, will find it impossible because of the undesirable attentions of the men. Nonsense! Even in France that is not the case. Men do not molest a truly dignified woman. If a woman is annoyed by any man it is because she gives him encouragement. It may be vague, it may be unintentional, but it is surely there. The cheap, all-story magazines are full of tales about women who find a protector just in their time of need. These stories are romantic and often silly, but they bring home a great truth, which is, that if a woman lets a man see that she is lonely and forlorn the man is generally likely to offer her his company and protection, especially if she is pretty. And in this fact we get a large part of the truth. For we see that it is unnatural for woman to be alone. When a woman is alone she is generally miserable, and she usually shows it. And if there is a man in sight he of course takes advantage of this loneliness, this wish for company at any cost. And then the woman goes around complaining of the impossibility of earning her living because of the undesirable attentions of the men! Bosh!

Statistics have shown that there are four or five million women earning their living in France today and that their average wage is about forty to fifty cents a day. That is interesting. Still more interesting is the case which came up a few days ago of a suit between Mlle. Codoux and M. Guerrand. They were about to be married when the young woman let it be known to her lover that she had no intention of having any children. Thereupon, M. Guerrand broke off the engagement and Mlle. Codoux promptly sued him for breach of promise, which suit he lost! In the face of the fact that a commission has recently been appointed to consider ways and means of preventing the appalling rapidity of the depopulation in France this case is certainly surprise, to say the least of it!

This commission will no doubt protest. The court

decision will, perhaps, be reversed. But the fact remains that the judge must have been supported by public opinion and urged on by his own opinion to state that if a wife wants to refuse to have children she has a perfect right to do so, and if her intended then refuses to marry her she will be awarded damages for breach of promise. I do not think that men in general are particularly moral or that they are much given to philosophizing, but I do believe that few men would undertake the support of a wife unless they thought that they were founding a family. Few men, I truly believe, are so degenerate that they will voluntarily enter into a childless marriage. They may not think much about it beforehand, but if the fact is placed squarely before them as it was in this case they will generally back down. Is it any wonder, then, that women have to work for their own living? What do they marry for? To be supported. To have dresses and pleasures without assuming any responsibility. If a man wants such a union as that he need not marry. And so they do not marry, or, if they do marry, they do so for the sake of getting money.

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Still, as I wrote last week, it is hard to blame the women. As matters now stand the deserted wife has no redress. The law may, theoretically, protect her as it does in certain countries and states, but, practically, if the husband simply takes what money he can lay his hands on and gets out, what can the woman do? Where can the average woman get money to pay detectives to trace her husband? And, even if she finds him, how can she make him work for her support? Not long ago a case came up in New York, I think, of a man who had divorced his wife, or whose wife had divorced him, simply refusing to pay alimony. He said he preferred to pass the remainder of his life in jail, and actually did stay, for a time, in prison. But how utterly futile this is! The fact that the husband is in jail does not pay the butcher's bill or the house rent, and if the man is locked up long he loses his employment and then the wife is altogether left.

Madame Severine has published recently a long article on the subject of Brieux' play in which she seems to blame man and man's legislation for the whole trouble, and to uphold woman suffrage as the only cure. This strikes me as being utterly absurd. Of course, universal suffrage is only right and just. It seems to me that no fairminded person can deny that. Women should certainly have a right to vote. But may I respectfully ask what good they expect that to do them? It will not make them any less pleasure-loving? It will not raise their value as wage-earners! It will not cause them to be any less the object of undesirable (?) attentions from men! It will not bring their mentality up to the level of the male any faster than evolution will do it! It will not render their judgment free from bias! It will not teach them to think with their minds and not with their hearts (or nerves). In fact, to give women a vote would do just one thing for them: it would give them a vote. It would no more emancipate them and give them a greater earning value than it has emancipated the negro and given him a greater earning power. The woman, like the negro, will become a better business machine just as slowly or as rapidly as she becomes more civilized and more self-contained. Woman, of course, has not the drawback of color to contend with. Men welcome women into their offices if they are willing to work for what they are really worth.

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But would it not be a great, a very great misfortune for men and women alike if women ever did become just equal in every way to men? When that day comes you may be sure that we men will simply refuse to earn any woman's living. The "hard as nails" sort will not be welcome in our homes and we would let them work for their own living, at the same time fighting them just as we today fight our male competitors. It is not a pretty picture. But, fortunately, it will never come. When woman becomes more sensible, and when all she will see that her proper place is in the home, this present uproar has ended in universal suffrage, that her proper duty is the care of children and the maintenance of a pleasant refuge to which man can flee from the cares of business. But let me, before closing, say a word about causes. It is only fair for us to try to see what lies at the bottom of all this trouble,—for the trouble is real, not imaginary.

If we look back a few years we see that the married woman occupied a far different position from that which she occupies today. Not a disgraceful position, as some would like to make out, not a position from which there was any real reason that she should desire to be freed. But a very different position and one which held for her vastly more toil as well as vastly more responsibility. And let me add that, in my humble opinion, when women were able to lay down this toil and responsibility they laid down two honorable things which gave them enormous prestige, two things for which they

have not yet found a substitute and with which some of that prestige was certainly lost in the eyes even of the fondest of husbands.

For the woman of a few years ago was a real toiler. Even in the homes of the wealthy she had much to do, for if she did not do the work herself she had, at least, to direct it. But two things have changed: women have had fewer children than in days gone by, and machinery has taken away much of the labor that was formerly done in the home. The children are less at home than they used to be. Their clothes, which used to be made at home (even, in old times, spun and woven at home), are now bought ready-made. A woman with a few children and a small house, even if she does not keep a servant, has not, today, occupation for all of her time. Social duties, even in those classes who do not belong to what we call "society," have been substituted, at least to an extent, for home duties. And with all this the schools have done much to add to woman's misery by educating her and giving her a thirst for reading. She gets to know things, to long for things, which, a few years ago, were hardly thought of.

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And so, whatever change is taking place, woman is certainly not to blame. Her life of old was one of ceaseless toil, of almost constant imprisonment in the home; her life today is one of endless temptation, of endless monotony made miserable by an imagination heightened through reading, through the advertisements of commercial houses whose one desire is to tempt, through leisure, through the envy of other women's wealth or success, etc. Was it not that most astute of observers, Bernard Shaw, who has told us that the greatest tragedy in modern times is that of the young girl who steps from a life of youthful gaiety to the monotony of married life on the small income which a young man is able to earn? Living in the home of her probably moderately well-to-do father this girl has had most of the things she desired. Her husband cannot give them to her. The change is utterly abrupt and often cuts her off from her intimate girl friends. It is easy to say that where there is love sacrifice is a pleasure, it is also easy to assume that this young husband will ultimately become a family father with a fairly large income. But neither of those things bridges over the intervening years of monotony where this young wife has nothing to do, or, if she keeps herself occupied, it is with self-inflicted tasks which never become really satisfying—for women do not easily become infatuated with hobbies. This woman leads a useful life. She raises her children and keeps a pleasant home for her husband, and nothing more surely aids a man to success in business than a happy home! But there are bitter, bitter hours of loneliness when the children are at school, the husband at the office. O, yes, it is a tragedy, and a real one, even if it is unseen and silent.

Picture to yourself the life of a servant where there is only one domestic in the house, say, in a city flat. This girl is probably fairly well educated. She reads novels and stories and the newspapers and has an idea of what real life means—generally a pitifully false idea. And what is her life? She gets up at any early hour and goes to work in her kitchen, alone! All day she works about the house, alone! If her mistress says anything to her it is either a command or a complaint. There may be, with a kind mistress, even real conversation, but how much is it out of the twenty-four hours? If a delivery man starts a conversation at the kitchen door it must be properly brief or complaint will be made. And so the day! When evening comes this girl is late in the kitchen and tired out by the time she goes to bed. And is this a life for any human being, by nature and education gregarious? Certainly not, nor need we be surprised if women prefer the mill or the sweat shop to it. And yet, if this servant only realized it, her life is not much worse than that of her mistress. She has less, but she is accustomed to less. At the same time all this argument does not convince me that the lone woman is to be pitied. If she will do her duty, fully, earnestly, she will not have such a hard time as Brieux would have us believe. She may not be contented and happy, but it is hardly likely that any childless woman will ever be that. Yet she will probably have to put up with no real hardship. And she should be able to have enough for a fairly comfortable old age.

But, to get back to the original proposition, it is pleasure, the constantly growing thirst for pleasure, the feeling that one has the right to live one's life, that is the cause of all the trouble. And there is no cure possible except a radical change. Increase of women's wages will not help at all, nor will suffrage. No, there must be an absolute change which will give every woman the company and recreation she needs, the excitement which her growing education demands. And since Brieux has put us the problem, let him also find the solution.

Paris, Jan. 7, 1913. FRANK PATTERSON.

POWERFUL AND UNIQUE "YELLOW JACKET"

THEATRICAL managers ought to learn a few things from "The Yellow Jacket," now running at the Fulton theater. It is one of the most entertaining things that have ever been put upon the New York stage. Apart from the fact that it is a genuine novelty it touches that fundamental thing that makes of the drama a universal humanizing influence. It stimulates the imagination, and then gives it something to feed upon so that out of the tiniest suggestion the mind creates untold things of wondrous beauty. Many of us who visited the old Jackson Street Theater in San Francisco's Chinatown looked upon it as an excursion into incomprehensible orientalism. From the height of our self-complacency, the acting and the conventions seemed crude, childlike and excruciatingly funny. "The Yellow Jacket" interprets these conventions. The childlike simplicity of the presentation, and the reliance placed in the imaginative quality of the human mind to which drama should appeal put to shame our Belasquesque realities. It reduces our realistic representations to a crudity that is unspeakable. The story though original with the authors is Chinese in character. The manner of presentation and the acting are faithfully Chinese, the words are English. Conventions, costumes, action and music are presented just as they might be in Pekin or Canton. To enjoy the play thoroughly we must become as children with fancy free to wander wherever it is led.

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The curtain rises upon the stage of a Chinese theater modelled after the old Jackson Street playhouse. At the back is a two-storied recess. In the lower part the musicians sit. A ladder reaches to the upper story. To right and left of this are two doorways hung with rich embroideries. In front sits the "chorus" that informs us from time to time of the meaning of the play and of his own renown as author. The actors are his puppets, the property man his mime. If credit is due it is to him; if blame, to them. The property man clothed in black with his box of properties sits at the left and serves the actor's need. To oriental eyes he is invisible. In proportion to our power to float passively in imagination we neither see him nor regard him as a humorous diversion. Wu Sin Yin, governor of the province, has two wives, Due Yung Fah, second wife, whom he wants to elevate to first place, and Chee Moo, first wife, mother of Wu Hoo Git, heir to the throne, through a spell made to seem a weakling and distorted to his father's eyes. Due Yung Fah's father suggests a plan. Chee Moo shall be killed by Lee Sin, farmer and husband of Chee Moo's maid. At suggestion of his wife Lee Sin kills instead the maid of the second wife and passes her off for Chee Moo.

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The sword is real. When he gets ready to use it the property man ambles forward in his bored way and puts it in Lee's hand. As it falls upon the maiden's neck the property man holds a red banner before her face and drops upon the floor a red bag, stuffed with sawdust. Lee Sin picks it up and in a frenzy of brutality hacks off ears and nose and hashes it beyond recognition, then departs with it to his masters, dragging after him an imaginary body. The little maid picks herself up from the floor where she has fallen and trips away, invisible to those who believe her dead. The arch villains who plotted the murder have wonderfully and hideously painted faces that none may mistake them, a convention which is not stranger than our habit of decorating the villain in melodrama with a fierce black moustache. Due Yung Fah's father arrives on horseback. Of course, there isn't a horse, but the old man does an excellent imitation of a trotting animal. He dismounts with dignity and requests the property man to remove it. This most nonchalant person takes the bridle and leads the imaginary horse away and the whole thing is so real that to every one who sees it the horse is unmistakably white. Chee Moo is warned to leave the province with her son, but her ancestors come in a vision and tell her she must come to them for her son's sake. With her blood she writes the poor little one's history upon his garments and then mounts the ladder to heaven. The sorrow of the mother at parting with her child is exquisitely poignant. That the baby is merely a little piece of wood with a wisp of cloth fastened to it seems to heighten the illusion.

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In part two, the Story of Love, Wu Hoo Git, grown up to manhood in the home of Lee Sin, goes forth to seek his ancestors. On his way he is met by the Purveyor of Hearts who introduces him to four maidens who for a price teach him the art of loving. With the one he chooses he floats upon a river of silvery love among the lotus flowers. Four chairs and a beautiful drapery, the moving of bamboo poles and the rhythmic sound of rushing water conjures up a drifting flower boat. We feel it move

and we see it meet other love boats and pass on. When the vanity of this is borne in upon Wu Hoo Git he seeks his foster father. This time his demand to know his ancestors is granted, for the father of Plum Blossom upon whom he has looked not wisely but too well, demands satisfaction. Wu Hoo Git sets out to win a kingdom for Plum Blossom, but his half brother, Wu Fah Din the Daffodil, is enjoying the throne. He sees difficulties like the labors of Hercules in the hero's way, but, one by one, he conquers them and finally wins the throne and seats thereon his Plum Blossom. The high mountain that he climbs, made of two chairs and a table, is a very real thing and the snow storm suggested by the waving of two white flags and the fluttering of bits of paper cast about by the property man is the essence of cold.

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The hero is nigh to death, but he is saved by the spirit of his mother who appears at the top of the ladder to hearten him. Beside our realism Chinese convention is of a delicate suggestiveness rich beyond compare, and the actors enter into the spirit of the thing with wonderful facility. Signor Perugini as the chorus is marvellously Chinese in manner and spirit. Saxone Morland as Chee Moo is incredibly moving. George Relph in the two roles of Wu Sin Yin and Wu Hoo Git, and Reginald Barlow as the father of the second wife and the Purveyor of Hearts, and Arthur Young as Lee Sin and the God of Thunder, and Schuyler Ladd as Wu Fah Sin the Daffodil play as though to the manner born. The play is interesting with its flavor of another land and another people. It is dainty and exquisite in itself and a blessed relief from much present day crudity and restful in that it takes one out of oneself and puts one for the time being in the dreamy land of fancy.

New York, Jan. 19, 1912.

ANNE PAGE.

Heard in Railroad Circles

H. U. Mudge, president of the Rock Island system, is to be a visitor in Los Angeles early next month and local railway men are attaching much significance to his coming, for it is generally believed that he is leaving his fine offices in Chicago to travel west to represent his road in the dickering over the San Diego and Arizona railway, which has been the subject of much discussion recently. Current rumors afloat in railway circles are to the effect that the Rock Island is planning to take over the San Diego line, and thus secure a direct route to the coast. I am informed on good authority, however, that such is not the case, and that when the San Diego railway matter is finally disposed of more than one transcontinental road will have a finger in the pie. The report is that the El Paso and Southwestern, which is controlled by the Phelps-Dodge copper interests, and which has been affiliated with the Rock Island for many years, will connect with the Rock Island at El Paso and bring travelers from there to Benson, Arizona, which is the present western terminus of the Phelps-Dodge road. From Benson to Tucson the traffic will be routed via the Santa Fe, and from Tucson to Phoenix the Southern Pacific will get in its share of the haul, and also on to Yuma which point is supposed to be the eastern terminus of the San Diego projected road. The Southern Pacific, it is said, is planning to sell a part of its line in Mexico to the San Diego road, which will connect it with Yuma. Its right of way within the United States is too valuable as a freight producer in the imperial valley to allow a rival line access to it. Several years ago the late Mr. Harriman and John Spreckels made a deal whereby the former was to supply \$5,000,000 ready cash for which he was to be accorded certain interests in all the Spreckels' San Diego properties at \$17,000,000. This was to be used in building the San Diego and Arizona railway to connect with the Southern Pacific at Yuma, and the Harriman interests were to control it exclusively. It is said that Harriman came through with only a little more than a million and that the Spreckels-Harriman deal was abrogated and ever since the former has been trying to fight it out along his own line. The new road, I am informed, will be known as the Rock Island for general advertising purposes.

M. & M.'s Good Judgment

Excellent judgment was exercised by the members of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association in the set of directors picked to control the destiny of that organization in 1913, for they are all representative business men of the city. Marco H. Hellman, the well known banker, best known for his connection with the Merchants National, perhaps, represents the money interests. W. E. Bush has been chosen from automobile circles, G. Burkett Logan from the ranks of hatters, Bernal H. Dyas of the sporting goods firm of Dyas and Cline, Andrew Beyrle of the California Planing Mill and Lumber Company, F. A. Bowles of Bowles Brothers, and E. G. Judah of the Paraffine Paint Company. Of course, the only "Zee" was reelected secretary.



Don Mayo Ragundo y Garlanda

Crags Country Club was the objective of a jolly party last week as guests of Col. and Mrs. Wm. M. Garland who have a new bungalow, recently built there, perched on a most slightly point not far from the club house. No name had yet been given the house and many had been suggested. I violate no confidence in stating that Billy Garland is very fond of dancing the Rag. Not the ordinary common kind of rag, but the intricate measures such as have made Maurice world famous. All suggestions for a title for the attractive bungalow (with places to put up twenty people at a house party—"some" bungalow that) fell flat until Arthur Dodworth suggested that good, Spanish sounding name, "El Ragundo." But no one in the party knew the English equivalent for El Ragundo and Col. Garland, ever cautious, shied at adopting a Spanish name that might mean something dreadful. However, upon his return to Los Angeles he was assured by John Gaffey and other Spanish scholars that it means simply "the house of the rag" and late reports are to the effect that the sage of San Pedro is preparing an etymological family tree for El Ragundo that will make the ordinary family oak look like a frozen orange. Long live Don Mayo Ragundo y Garlanda!

Rescued While You Wait

Realism forced to the nth degree was exhibited at the conflagration of the Hotel Brennan, a cheap rooming house on South Main street, Thursday afternoon of this week when representatives of a motion picture company, seeing that it was a most commonplace fire except for the possibility of spreading to more important and valuable structures in the downtown district, and entirely devoid of human interest, decided to inject a few thrills all their own. The men in charge of the camera hastened to a nearby phone and summoned a pair of film actresses, who a few minutes later appeared on the scene with a slight overdose of paint and powder. A dry goods store in the vicinity was foraged for kimono and diaphanous white garments to slip on over the street clothes, the girls shook down their hair, and two of the firemen were persuaded to carry the supposedly distressed damsels down a ladder in front of the camera as soon as the fire was seen to be under control. As this pseudo rescue was being performed the crowd cheered lustily, as though it did not know it was all a plant in order to sell a few hundred feet of film to the local nickelodeons. When it comes to faking, the motion picture companies are not far behind alleged reputable newspapers.

East on a Sad Mission

There are many here who had learned to know the elder Joseph Sartori, best known as the father of J. F. Sartori, president of the Security Trust and Savings Bank, whose demise occurred in this city when the father was paying a visit to his accomplished son. The latter accompanied the remains back east to Cedar Falls, Iowa, for interment at the old home. In the absence of the Los Angeles banker tax amendment number one, now under fire, will be without an able exponent. Nobody, save perhaps George I. Cochran, has given this tax measure the careful study that Mr. Sartori has devoted to it and he should be invited to address the legislature in regard to its merits when he returns next week.

Colder Than His Ice Cream

Louis J. Christopher, confectioner, vender of ice cream, one time cafe owner, and all round patron of sports, has been having a run of hard luck recently and if 1913 is any more of a hoodoo year for him than 1912, he has my sympathy. Perhaps his greatest difficulty was with the Levy cafe, when the license was taken away by the board of police commissioners, and he was forced to make arrangements with M. Godissart to assume charge, he retaining a heavy mortgage on the fixtures. Godissart was unsuccessful with the venture and it was thrown back on Christopher's hands. Prior to that the season of harness racing he had backed at Agricultural park meet proved disappointing, he picked the wrong man in several prize fights last year and his latest trouble has been with the Funding Company of California, a newly organized finan-

cial institution for the marketing of first mortgage public utility bonds, of which he was chosen president, but whose brief career has been decidedly tempestuous, several interests seeking to control the business. The difficulties in this latter enterprise are now said to be ironed out by the election of a new board of directors which will assume control. Besides Christopher on the directorate are Maynard Gunsul, Frank X. Pfaffinger, William Hicks, John Lopizich, L. C. Waite, W. W. Wilcox, F. C. Hill and D. F. Hill.

Fame Thrust Upon Him

Paul Armstrong, prolific playwright, who has come to make his home in Los Angeles since Oliver Morosco has taken such a fancy to his dramas, is receiving all sorts of publicity from local merchants and artisans, who seek to sell their wares by placing the Armstrong stamp on them. The "Armstrong" hat is being prominently displayed by a local firm of haberdashers, and the "Armstrong" walking stick is also being advertised. A local buffet is offering its patrons the "Paul Armstrong" cocktail, and a local tonsorial parlor is achieving fame by having its barbers ask bearded patrons if they would not like to be decorated with the Armstrong goatee. And to think the recipient was once a penniless newspaper man!

New Lease of Life

General Harrison Gray Otis, it is remarked by his familiars, at 76 seems to have taken on renewed lease of life together with a reincarnated interest in local journalistic affairs. His desk is now installed in the local room on the third floor of the new building, where he has ready access to Harry Andrews, his managing editor, and John Von Blon, his city editor. I am told he has even taken up the editorial quill again, and that a few of the more venomous darts in the attack on Earl were hurled by the veteran himself. If he would only eliminate that zodiac map from the first page of the Times! It is a dreadful waste of valuable space.

Sunday Closing Not Relished

I understand that the local theaters with the exception of the Auditorium and the Mason are to unite for the purpose of defeating the Johnston bill, now before the legislature, which would require Sunday closing of all places of amusement. In Los Angeles, Sunday is the biggest theater-going day of the week, with, at times, the possible exception of Saturday, and it will mean a loss of several thousand dollars weekly to the local houses if the bill becomes a law. The theaters will not be alone in opposing the measure for the Seven Day Adventists claim that it is ostensibly a union of church and state and that they intend to fight its passage.

Salt Lake Sends a Forerunner

"Gus" Holmes, for several years proprietor of the Angelus Hotel before the Loomis brothers assumed charge, has been a visitor in Los Angeles this week renewing acquaintances in local hotel and restaurant circles. He is proprietor of a hotel in Salt Lake City named after himself, save that it is spelled backward—"Semloh" he calls it, I believe. It is understood that he is here on a scouting expedition for the excursion of Salt Lake Elks that usually make a winter pilgrimage to Los Angeles. There are generally about seven or eight hundred in the party, and it takes an experienced advance agent to secure accommodations for them. The salted Elks will be in our midst about the middle of next month.

"There Is a Tavern in the Town"

"Pop" Fischer, who is best known to the younger generation for his successful venture with the Fischer Follies Company at the Lyceum last winter, is out of the theatrical business for good and all, so he says. He is now the august proprietor of the Golden Lion Tavern at San Diego which the Teutonic population of San Diego is frequenting. Although "Pop" says he is out of the business to stay, it would not be wise to bank on it, for he has averred as much before, but the lure of the box office generally proves too strong for him.

Men in the Limelight

Los Angeles this week has been entertaining several men prominent in the public eye in times past, and who are still within the glare of the limelight. Lee McClung, a former treasurer of the United States, was a visitor on his way from San Francisco to Washington. He is now director in several large financial institutions including the National New Haven Bank and the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company. Frank B. Loomis, a successful diplomat at one time, having served as minister to Portugal, to Venezuela, special ambassador to France, special envoy to Japan, and assistant secretary of state, was another Alexandria guest for a few days. P. H. McCarthy, the former mayor of

San Francisco, whose pre-election pledge was to make San Francisco the "Paris of America," was a later comer in attendance at the Labor Convention. He is a professed admirer of Tveitmo.

Put It All Over Them

That busy and affable impresario L. E. Behymer, the Oscar Hammerstein of Los Angeles, addressed a meeting of the Southern California Talking Machine Men's Association at the Hollenbeck Monday evening, in which "Bee" in a most interesting way told of his experiences with famous musicians. I have reason to believe that my versatile friend put the Grafonola to sleep, and that the Victrola was a deaf mute by comparison.

How to Market Bonds

Senator Leslie R. Hewitt of Los Angeles would do well to consider when he is seeking authority to market California bonds abroad, complaining that the "Money Trust" is unwilling to take them at a fair price, that there are millions of dollars in the savings banks of California that might be invested in state and municipal bonds if these securities were issued in denominations of \$100, so that the small investor would have a chance. It seems to me that it would be a good plan to keep both bonds and interest at home, and give the little fellow a chance. It would also stimulate state and municipal patriotism and pride, for by owning a bond or two the citizen would feel more than ever that he was an integral part of the body civic.

Public Service Benefactor

This is truly an age of specialists. Only this week I heard of a man who has come out from the east for the purpose of organizing in this city a company that will guarantee to keep your place free of rats, mice, cockroaches, bedbugs, and all sorts of vermin for a small sum every month. While he is to contract with private homes for this service, it is understood that he will go after the larger hotels and restaurants for the majority of his business, and these in many instances would gladly pay to have this onerous duty lifted from their shoulders. I am wondering if this will be classified by the city council as a public service corporation, and if its table of charges will be regulated by the commission appointed for that purpose.

Looking After the Flag

Uncle Sam's local myrmidons sleep not when the recent statute which makes it contrary to the laws of the United States to use the American flag for advertising purposes is in danger of being violated. This week the manager of a well known cafe was compelled to remove the flag from the cover of a musical program which is issued at his restaurant, although the form was on the press. The official Cerberus was importuned to let it go another week, but he peremptorily refused and the cafe management was obliged to reprint its week's program at no little cost.

Samuel Wants the Shrievalty

Sam Browne, for several years chief of detectives at the district attorney's office, is out for the job of sheriff at the next election even though the emoluments of that office will be decidedly diminished by the abolition of the fee system. Browne chose the psychological moment for announcing his candidacy this week, making known his desire just after he received the medal for his bravery in connection with the work of Detectives Hosick and Fitzgerald in subduing Carl Warr, the maniac who was imbued with the idea of dynamiting the police station. I wish Samuel well, but fear he will find hot competition.

Force of Example

Athletics for newspapermen is being stimulated by Willard Wood, a young Stanford man in charge of the automobile department of the Express, who, after winning the swimming championship of the office force of Mr. Earl's evening sheet issued a defi to all members of the staff to compete for the boxing and tennis championship. O. K. Lientz, the near sporting editor of the sheet, is said to be eager to accept his challenge for the fistic supremacy, while Barney Bernand, a Pasadena boy, who since the induction of George Harrison to the aviation field has become the star of the staff, is to take up the tennis defi. I understand that Robert Marsh has offered the use of the Mt. Washington courts for the match.

They Strive to Please

In the olden days public service corporations, and particularly those whose function was passenger transportation, used to be considered as devoid of heart and soul, but the railways of Los Angeles seem to have proved that they are far removed from this primitive idea. Only this week the Pacific Elec-

tric officials have thoughtfully announced that they are lowering the steps on their cars in order to accommodate the women wearing the tight skirts now a la mode. Ever since their appearance those imprisoned have been protesting at the height of the car steps, which were within easy reach in the old accordion plaited regime. Paul Shoup says he is sure that as soon as the change in car equipment is made wide skirts will come again. Another welcome statement is that 145 new cars are to be placed in service by the Los Angeles Railway Company to care for the ever increasing traffic of the city. The particular lines which are to be most benefited include the Eagle Rock and Hawthorne, University, San Pedro street, West Eleventh street, Homeward avenue and Vermont Heights, and Washington street.

Are You a "Browser?"

Browsers who, like myself, enjoy an hour at intervals in the Old Book Shop on South Hill street poring over literary tomes of long ago, will be pleasantly surprised by the innovations Ernest Dawson and his colleague Belford Forrest have made in the facade. The front now resembles the outside of one of the famous shops along the east bank of the Seine, so that a pedestrian scarcely knows whether he is inside or out when he comes within browsing distance. This week I have been reveling in recent importations of choice old editions of Goldsmith, Boswell, Johnson, Lamb, Richardson, Byron, Scott, Swift, Pope, et. al, a goodly throng. How dear old Collins would have loved to see his partners approximate more closely the ideals he cherished and which they are gradually realizing. I am sure no other Old Book Shop west of Chicago carries so fine a line of old editions as my young friends' shop. If you are inclined to the browsing habit, here is the place to indulge it.

Planning to Make Dates

John J. Byrne, assistant passenger traffic manager of the Santa Fe, Frank Batturs, general passenger agent of the Southern Pacific, and T. C. Peck, who occupies a similar responsible office with the Salt Lake, are planning to leave this week end for Fresno to attend a meeting of railway men representing the California terminal lines to be held in the Raisin City January 28. The purpose of the session is to discuss the dates and rates for the annual back east excursion for next summer. The railways usually try to have the selling dates correspond as nearly as possible to those set for the more important eastern conventions.

Lopping Off the "Strong Arms"

This week the city council dealt a cruel blow to Main street "cappers" by passing the long discussed ordinance which makes it a misdemeanor for merchants to have employes stationed in the doorways or on the sidewalks in front of small business houses trying to inveigle pedestrians inside to purchase wares. This form of nuisance is at perihelion on Main street where "puller-ins" are notorious for their physical and vocal activities, those attached to the cheaper tailoring houses being especially obnoxious. Often, these clerks have shown "strong-arm" proclivities in leading unresisting victims to their slaughter.

No Piker Is Charles

Charles C. Pike, the local railway manager, so called because his interests are more often dramatic than pertaining to transportation, will leave for the East in a few days to meet the largest excursion of tourists that has ever been handled by the Salt Lake railway, and pilot it in safety to this city. Three trains will bring the visitors from Utah and Montana, and each train will average thirteen cars. After touring Southern California for a week as a delegation the party will disband and travel en famille instead of ensemble.

Concedes There Are Oothers

Los Angeles Harbor and Other American Ports" is the topic of an address to be delivered before the members of the City Club of Los Angeles at their regular weekly luncheon at the Angelus hotel at noon today by Christopher M. Gordon, a member of the board of harbor commissioners. Are there any other American ports?

From Insurance to Incubators

After twenty years of campaigning in the life insurance business with the Bankers Life Company of Des Moines, Iowa, of which in the last few years he became a leading officer at the home office of the company, Clinton L. Booth is now at the Angelus, looking for a home site preparatory to making his residence in California, and passing the remainder of his life in bucolic enjoyment, raising chickens of the edible variety. Booth has been for many years a notable factor in the insurance world.

Music



By W. Francis Gates

That small portion of Los Angeles that is sufficiently interested in hearing an opera which is new to the city owes a debt to the Lambardi Company on account of the performance of "Andrea Chenier" last week. Though this opera is now sixteen years old, it has not been seen in the West, unless in San Francisco before the earthquake. At any rate, there would be small hopes of seeing an occasional new opera here, without the annual appearance of the Lambardi people. Let me say at once that this opera is well worth while. It is based on a historical subject and deals with conditions which needed no imagination on the part of the librettist to color them for dramatic performance—in fact, an excellent play could be written from the words of the opera. In the next place, the composer has not seen fit to tear his phrases into one-measure and two-measure snatches, thus destroying all continuity of melody. As the program writer for this opera said, "it abounds in 'meloid' passages—a nice little word that Webster didn't know but which sounds well, and adds one to the too limited phraseology of musical criticism. Written when the composer, Giordano, was only twenty-eight years of age, just out of his student days, it is a remarkable work for so young a man. Evidently, he had absorbed a good deal from Ponchielli and of course from Verdi (the Italian opera composer's Bible), but the opera is not recent enough to be affected by the dissected, episodic style of Strauss or his followers.

If one were asked for a comparison, one might say the general style of the opera reminded him of "La Tosca." Giordano has been classed as a writer of melodramatic operas. But when you come down to it, most operas are melodramatic. Exaggeration of emotions and situations is a part of the game. But in this work, the subject will stand a melodramatic handling. There is plenty of flowing melody—without its being of the trivial and florid style of the older works. There is a wealth of harmonic treatment and orchestral coloring without the extremes of so-called "modernity" which infest the operatic strivings of the last decade. At that stage in the progress, at least, Giordano took the safe and enjoyable middle ground. Andre Chenier was a distinguished poet of French Revolution days. As with most poets, he felt the wrongs of the people and supported their cause. But the cruel excesses of the plebeian rules disgusted him. He denounced Robespierre in scathing pamphlets—and it was not hard to see the next turn of the drama. He was seized, denounced as a traitor, condemned and executed, all in a few days. On this basis, Luigi Illica constructed the plot and libretto of the opera. There are woven together the love motive with the patriotic. The passing drama of that day in France supplied enough material without the molding of a dramatist; it was only necessary to string the incidents together in logical order. And their dramatic quality was large inspiration to the composer. The palace of the nobility, the barricaded streets of Paris, the gloomy walls of St. Lazare prison—the very stage settings portrayed one of the greatest tragedies of history—the French revolution.

There was a good deal that was commendable about the performance by

the Lambardi company, and certain things that were not. Agostini and Adaberto did brilliant work in the roles of Chenier and Mlle. de Coigny—that goes without saying to one who knows the abilities of these capable singers. Nicoletti, also, was capable and vocally enjoyable as Gerard. Miss Fox has a small part in which her abilities were but glimpsed. Certain others of the cast should be prohibited the stage, especially the villainous looking damsel posing as a member of the aristocracy, but with a make-up of a Digger Indian. The chorus has no small part in the interest of the performance and after following the usual straight lines for two acts broke away from the custom and actually became human in the last two acts. What the company sadly needs is a live stage manager, one who will look after properties and instill life into his chorus. Another and greater necessity is sufficient rehearsals. It was decidedly to the credit of the company that it could put on the opera as well as it did without even a dress rehearsal. There is entirely too much left to the initiative of the performers—who are so little acquainted with their roles as to keep their eyes on the director—from dire necessity. What an opera "Andrea Chenier" would make staged as Col. Savage would stage it!

Brahms quintet, consisting of Messrs. Oskar Seiling, Adolf Tandler, Rudolf Kopp, Axel Simonsen and Homer Grunn, with Esther Palliser, soprano, as soloist, gave its third concert of the season at Blanchard Hall Saturday night. The program included the Tschalkowsky quartet, op. 11, and the Wolf-Ferrari piano quintet, op. 6, Miss Palliser sang a Tschalkowsky Russian Folk Song, Duparc's "Invitation du Voyage," and "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," from Weber's "Oberon," the latter with quintet accompaniment. The work of the quintet on this occasion was of marked excellence—not with any qualifying adjectives as to time or place, but with comparison to the playing of such organizations as the Kneisel and the Flonzaly quartets. The Wolf-Ferrari quintet is a decided test of the unanimity of the musical thought of the players, and its results were as good as I have heard, outside of the two organizations mentioned. The quintet leans to short and delicate phrases set off against strong octaves and unisons of all the strings and is entrancingly beautiful. Miss Palliser showed the experienced artist in the singing of her several numbers. The audience was large and made up of the most appreciative class.

Carolina White delighted a small audience at the Morosco theater Wednesday afternoon in a program of song. The selections came from operas and ballads. After hearing a good many would-be singers this season, it was a treat to hear a voice so rich and strong as is that of this opera singer, who has come into prominence in the last four years. Miss White has every requirement, a beautiful tone quality, a rich tone never pushed beyond the limits of beauty and a stage presence that is magnetic. In spite of singing before a mere handful of people and in a temperature that seemed near the point where frost warnings would be sent out, she proved delightful in every respect—save that of English enunciation, being at her worst in "The Lahast Rohose of Suhummer Leheft Bloohooming Alohone." Theodora Ryder played

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a good accompaniment, but in solo work was handicapped by a piano which had the largest assortment of bad tones I have heard in an instrument in many a day. In spite of it she made several of her numbers interesting.

At the People's Orchestra concert last Sunday, Paloma Schramm was the soloist, playing the Grieg piano concerto. Miss Schramm lives so quietly and plays so seldom in public that the latter is likely to forget what an excellent pianist this attractive artist is. So this appearance became a kind of "lest we forget" reminder. Her playing has virility and brilliancy without sacrifice of the more delicate features. It was a delight to the immense audience which heard her. The auditorium could not, by several hundred, contain all who applied for admission, which means that about 2,800 were present. The orchestra programs are growing stronger and the audiences larger. Mr. Alberti, formerly with the Bevani company, is the soloist announced for tomorrow. Alberti was one of the best Rigolettos ever seen in Los Angeles.

Last week, thirty members of the faculty of the Los Angeles Musical College met at an annual dinner of the school at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. Several members of the college made speeches, headed by Harry Girard, who is president of the school.

From Paris comes a program of the students' reunion in which Estelle Heartt Dreyfus sang the "Virgin's Lullaby" by Dudley Buck and songs by Bach, Adam, Grieg and Cowen. Mrs. Dreyfus writes of enjoyable times in Paris and of a new address at No. 4 Rue Gounod.

From "Heath Cottage, Bealieu, Eng.," comes greetings to The Graphic from Mr. and Mrs. Eustace La Haie. If she were called by her maiden name more persons in Los Angeles would recognize it—Adela Verne, the pianist. She is one of the extremely few artists who have come to Los Angeles unknown to it and who have set its musicians by the ears by unwontedly beautiful playing. Mr. La Haie was the guardian angel of her tours and finally joined the ranks of "prima donna husbands."

Arnold Krauss is programmed by the Riverside symphony orchestra as soloist, playing the Bruch violin concerto January 28.

Last Monday and Tuesday evenings, Charles Demorest gave two organ recitals at the Simpson Auditorium Christian Science Church, playing an interesting variety of solos on the excellent organ.

At this distance from the centers of music publication it is hard to get at short notice a good variety of music

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for an orchestra which has not—as the symphony orchestra has—built up a good library. Consequently, People's Concert Manager Chas. F. Edson, when in San Francisco, last week, tried to borrow or rent a few scores from the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and Director Hadley. Did he get them? He did not. The Bay City Orchestra could not possibly lend to the struggling new orchestra in Los Angeles. Such is the musical fellowship in the city, which Bre'r Metzger maintains does not smell to high heaven.

Last Sunday night Ernest Douglas of the St. Paul's Cathedral directed his chorus in several works and played an organ program with his usual skill.

Southern California Chapter of the American Guild of Organists will give a free recital in the Westlake M. E. Church, Eighth and Burlington avenue, Tuesday evening, January 28. The public is invited. The soloists will be W. E. Strobbridge, Mr. T. W. Wilde and Zillah A. Ireland. The chorus and quartet of the church will assist and Sibley G. Pease, organist, will play the accompaniments.

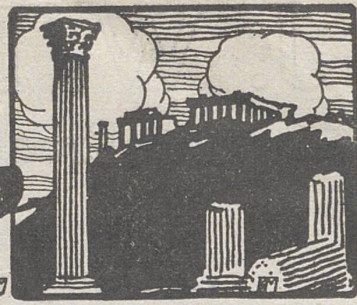
Seat sales for the first of the Wagnerian concerts to be given by Signor Juan de la Cruz and Mlle. Vera Doria at the Morosco theater Friday afternoon, Jan. 31, make it apparent that local music lovers care more for the works of the great German composer than is ordinarily supposed. Signor de la Cruz's recent appearance as soloist with the Symphony concert won for him critical appreciation. Mlle. Doria comes with a reputation gained chiefly in Australia and the important music centers of Europe. Her voice is a lyric soprano of unusual range, and while her contributions to the program will be in the lighter vein, they will be none the less of the highest character. Signor de la Cruz has made a life study of the works of Richard Wagner and most of his grand opera successes have been in Wagnerian roles.

Around the World Tours

Mr. D. F. Robertson, manager Steamship Dept. Citizens Trust and Savings Bank, 308 to 310 South Broadway, has reduced the first class Around the World rates to \$480.50. This is cheaper than staying at home.—Adv.



Art



By Everett C. Maxwell
EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK.
Maynard Dixon—Steckel Gallery.
Anne M. Bremer—Friday Morning Club.
Raffaello Montalboddi—Blanchard Gallery.

One of the most dramatic and altogether "of the soil" exhibitions of desert and Indian paintings that have been shown locally for many seasons is that of the collection of thirty oils and six decorative compositions from the brush of Maynard Dixon now on public view at the Steckel Gallery. When it became known that Mr. Dixon was to open a studio in Los Angeles the announcement was received with pleasurable anticipation by the artist's many admirers in this vicinity. In the last few years we have come to know Mr. Dixon as a clever and comprehensive illustrator of western stories and as such he has won much merited success. Few thought of this young artist in the sense of a painter of landscape studies, but a delightful surprise was in store and after even a brief study of his large collection at the Steckel Gallery I think all will agree that Dixon may be relied upon as a future painter of strength and understanding.

To declare that this artist has actually arrived would be doing Mr. Dixon an injustice, but to acclaim the value of his present efforts as examples of the growing period in the development of a big painter of the west is permissible. When we compare the four panels depicting the Indian life of the southwest, designed for the McCaughey home, and the boldly decorative triptych "The Pioneers," painted and presented by Mr. Dixon to the Southwest Museum, with such compositions as "The Up Trail," "Moonrise on the Mojave" and "Navajo Land," we find that in the present stage of this artist's development he excels in mural decoration. The four panels mentioned were considered at length in these columns many weeks ago and I am prepared to repeat the statement I made at that time relative to the high excellence of these stately and beautiful renderings. "The Pioneers," reviewed last week, is almost equally successful and as a bold decoration I doubt if the west can today produce its equal. Mr. Dixon possesses a strong sense of decoration which, when given the attributes of fine line and color, combine to produce as fine a mural scheme as it has been my good fortune to find. In his easel pictures this ease of line and subtle refinement of color is less marked. One is impressed by the feeling that the painter is restraining his free hand and bold imagination and the result lacks spontaneity.

Fifteen tiny landscape sketches are among the best works shown at this time, aside from the murals. These are fine in line and color, unerring in character, and full of good brush work. "Desert Hills," "Prairie at Noon," "The Lost Tribes," and "End of Mesa" are among the most noteworthy of this group and represent Dixon at his best. "The Lost Tribes," a fanciful little sketch depicting a gentle sloping expanse dotted with tepees and overhung with a cloud formation suggesting Indian warriors on horseback, would make an ideal mural frieze were it thus considered. The step from a small sketch to a gallery canvas is a long one and frequently a remarkably difficult one for the artist to reach. Many there are who can hum a delightful little tune, but who could not sing a song if their lives depended upon it.

For a long time Dixon has been humming these little tunes and now he is bound to try the greater test and I am convinced that he will succeed. He has lived the life he paints. He knows his west, its people, mountains, mesas, desert and cow-pony, and he has heard the poetry of the soil.

An exhibition of forty-five canvases in oil from the brush of Anne M. Bremer of San Francisco now hangs on view at the Friday Morning Club House. This much heralded exhibition is given under the auspices of the Art Committee of the Friday Morning Club and is one of a series of winter exhibitions which this able committee is offering for public approval. This large and varied collection comes to us from San Francisco where it received many flattering reviews. On the whole I do not find this showing of a remarkably high order. Miss Bremer paints with much ease and her color composition is, as a rule, excellent. Uncertain technique mars many of her ambitious renderings and faulty values are found in the majority of her works.

I felt in studying this collection that Miss Bremer is swayed on the winds of artistic uncertainty. Her work is as varied in moods as an April day, varied not alone in mood but in treatment and general conception. We find a low-toned academic study of a young girl's head hung close beside a wild flight into the realms of post-impressionism. Here will be a finely painted and beautifully modeled portrait study hobnobbing with a neighbor whose anatomy resembles nothing we have ever seen before. As a general rule Miss Bremer's work may be classed as sane impressions, but I feel that far too many canvases have been hung and the results are decidedly uneven. It is interesting to the student to follow Miss Bremer's development from an old school painter to a post-impressionist, for the graduation has been steady and is clearly marked step by step in the present showing.

This young painter is first and foremost a decorator, secondly she is a colorist of much feeling and daring individuality. Many of her canvases are pure color compositions of a highly decorative nature. A "Decorative Flower Panel for Mantel" is a good example of Miss Bremer's skillful color manipulation, but it is sadly lacking in composition. The stalk of green corn which cuts the canvas directly in two is not only out of all relation to the subject, but is ridiculous and absurd. "Red Apples" and "The Red Geranium," two small still life studies, are among the best works shown at this time. The compositions are wonderfully fine and the handling, while extremely broad, is exceedingly subtle. "An Old Doorway," "The Presidio," "A Vine Clad Cottage" and "Blossom Time" are the titles of a group of small canvases which prove Miss Bremer to be a comprehensive student of nature. These are well considered and are juicy in color. Dry, overworked color mars a number of the studies which would otherwise win much praise. "Abalone Fishing Boats" is one of Miss Bremer's very good things. It depicts a little fleet of blue boats rocking on a lazy sea. It is painted in a direct and forceful manner and is fine in feeling. "Odd" will best describe the figure studies shown at this time. With but one exception modeling and lifelikeness are only hinted at in these rather interesting depictions of human kind. "Marigolds and Primroses"

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Never let your children play in the streets.

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and "Nasturtiums" are examples of real "futurist" painting and are more unique than beautiful. "The Blue Bay," "The Seine at Night," "Apple Trees in Spring" and "The Silhouette of Oaks" are among Miss Bremer's best works. "A Japanese Print" is perhaps the "piece de resistance" of the collection. It is beautiful in color, splendid in composition and is painted with great artistic insight. This is a collection to be studied in a thorough and thoughtful manner and every art lover should see it for himself.

The Retail Dry Goods Merchants Association of Los Angeles will hold its semi-annual Fashion Show for the spring season in March of this year, and the secretary has issued invitations to three hundred artists to submit one or more offerings suitable for a poster to be used to announce the Fashion Show. This poster must be not larger than 14x24 inches and must contain at least one female figure. The association offers three prizes, the first \$100, second \$50, third \$25. If a suitable number of designs are received to warrant it, a public exhibition will be held in Blanchard Gallery. Offerings must be delivered to the association office not later than February 7 and will be submitted to a competent jury. This jury will be a representative one and Julia Bracken Wendt has consented to act as its chairman. Other members of the

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Social & Personal

Wednesday evening, in the garlanded ballroom of the Hotel Alexandria, the second and last subscription dance of the season took place. The beautiful room was a blaze of American Beauty roses, with great clusters arranged about the room, outlining the long mirrors, and sounding the color note of the entire evening. The debutantes of this season are many and unusually attractive, and, naturally, they were the belles of the ball. Miss Aileen McCarthy, Miss Marjorie Ramsay, Miss Katherine Barbour, Miss Lillian Van Dyke, Miss Isabelle Watson, Miss Clara Watson, Miss Albertine Pendleton, Miss Sarah Clark, Miss Georgie Off, Miss Louise Fleming, Miss Margaret Fleming and Miss Katherine Johnson were the favored debutantes, and the patronesses, who acted as hostesses and were responsible for the success of the affair were Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Mrs. Cameron Erskine Thom, Mrs. Kate Slauson Vosburg, Mrs. Guy Cochran, Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Mrs. Allan C. Balch, Mrs. William May Garland, Mrs. E. A. Bryant, Mrs. Alfred Solano and Mrs. James C. Drake. Mrs. Mary Wilcox Longstreet, who is a patroness, was unable to attend, as was Mrs. Hancock Banning. In addition to the dancing of the guests, there were several specialties introduced by professionals. Supper was served at midnight, and the dining room was a mass of confetti and serpentine. The tables were decorated with golden baskets brimming with roses and ferns, and places were marked with snowballs containing pretty favors. A number of charming dinner parties were given before the ball. Mr. and Mrs. Ezra T. Stimson of West Adams street entertained Mr. and Mrs. Allan Balch, Dr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Griffith, Mrs. J. W. Benham of Chicago, Mr. F. L. Carney of Wisconsin, Mr. Don McGilvray, Mr. Henry A. Waterman and Mr. Charles Henderson. The decorations were unusually beautiful, being composed of orchids arranged in a nest of delicately-fronded ferns. The candelabra and various appointments of the table were carried out in the orchid shades. Another affair was that with which Dr. and Mrs. J. J. A. Van Kaathoven gave at the California Club. The table was cleverly decked with masses of pink tulle and pink rosebuds, and covers were laid for Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Mr. and Mrs. Russell McDonald Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Coburn Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hicks, Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Colonel and Mrs. Charles H. McKinstry, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney I. Wailes, Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, Col. and Mrs. William May Garland, Dr. and Mrs. Guy Cochran, Miss Alice Elliott, Miss Louise Burke, Mr. Gurney Newlin, and Mr. Charles Seyler, Jr.

Mrs. Charles C. Carpenter of West Twenty-seventh street entertained Wednesday afternoon with a large reception in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Hugh K. Walker, Jr., and of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Clarence Carpenter, brides of the season. Elaborate floral decorations brightened the house, the mantelpieces being banked with blossoms and ferns, and bowls of cut flowers being artistically used. The halls were fragrant with pink and white carnations and maidenhair ferns; the music room was in yellow and green, and pink Killarney roses and ferns were used in the reception room and dining room. The guests of honor wore their wedding gowns and carried shower bouquets of lilies of the valley. Mrs. Walker was Miss Fannie Todd Car-

penter, a popular member of the younger set, and Mrs. Carpenter was Miss Pauline Friederich of San Diego. The young people are making their home at Redondo Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy of Fifth and Norton avenue will entertain this evening at the Los Angeles Country Club with a dinner for the younger set, with Miss Sarah Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark and Miss Lillian Van Dyke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Van Dyke as special guests. Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy are favorite hosts with the young people among whom their debutante daughter, Miss Aileen, is popular. Covers were arranged for Miss Katherine Johnson, Miss Clara Watson, Miss Isabel Watson, Miss Marjorie Ramsay, Miss Aileen McCarthy, Mr. Irving Walker, Mr. Walter Brunswig, Mr. Herbert Howard, Mr. Frederick Gay, Mr. Jack McFarland, Mr. Morgan Adams and Mr. Stuart O'Melveny, in addition to the guests of honor and the hosts.

Lieut-General and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee of Magnolia avenue entertained Thursday evening with a charming dinner party, in compliment to Mrs. A. H. Reakirt and Miss Sallie Farnham of New York city and Mrs. Alfred French of Piqua, Ohio. Masses of Madame Chutney roses decorated the dining table where covers were laid for Mrs. John H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Miss Lucy Clark, General M. H. Sherman, Mr. Henry Daly, Mr. George Cole, Mr. George Ennis and Mr. James Page. Mrs. Chaffee has as house guest her niece, Miss Emily Rockwell of Kansas City. Miss Rockwell will stay here only a few days, before going to San Diego for a visit, but will return later for a longer visit.

At high noon Wednesday, at the home of her father, Mr. C. P. German of Kenwood avenue, Miss Nita German became the bride of Mr. George R. Murdock, Jr. Only immediate relatives and intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, which was read by the Rev. G. A. Henry. A more elaborate wedding had been planned, but owing to a recent illness the bride has been forced to forego all pre-nuptial entertainment and to change her plans for her wedding. A color scheme of pink and green was carried out in the house decorations, with roses and ferns and satin ribbons. The ceremony took place in the living room, where an improvised altar was erected before the flower-banked fireplace. The bride wore a gown of white satin charmeuse with delicate lace trimming and carried a shower of lilies of the valley. After a wedding breakfast the young people left for a honeymoon trip, after which they will return to Hollywood, where a home is being erected for them.

In honor of Mrs. A. H. Reakirt, who is a guest from New York and a sister-in-law of Mrs. John Hasting Howard, daughter of Lieut-General and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Mrs. Henry Owen Eversole and Miss Lucy Clark entertained Wednesday with a matinee party at "The Blue Bird," and luncheon at Hotel Alexandria. Others who enjoyed the afternoon were Miss Sallie Farnham, the sculptor, who is here from New York, Mrs. Roy Bradley Wheeler, Mrs. Robert Pierce Sherman, Mrs. Tittian J. Coffey, Mrs. Harry Morris, Mrs. Dorothy Foster, Mrs. Salisbury of Salt Lake and Miss Mollie Adelia Brown.

Miss Sally McFarland of West Twenty-third street will entertain the younger set tomorrow afternoon with

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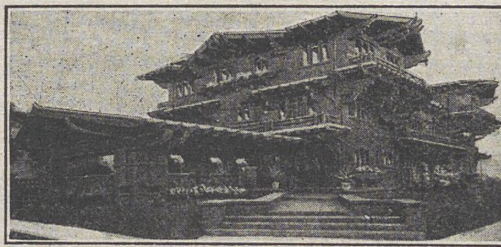
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an informal tea for Miss Aileen McCarthy and Miss Marjorie Ramsay, two of the season's debutantes. Mrs. L. N. Brunswig is also planning a debutante party—to take place January 30, with Miss Sarah Clark and Miss Marjorie Ramsay as honored guests.

Miss Annis Van Nuys, daughter of Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys, has joined her mother and sister at the Hershey Arms, after a trip through Europe and South America.

Miss Neilson Gillespie entertained last evening with a theater party at the Orpheum, followed by supper at the home of her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Goldthwaite, who chaperoned the party. Guests were Miss Georgie Off, Miss Marguerite Drake, Miss Katherine Johnson, Mrs. William S. Gillespie, Mr. Harry Lee Blackmore, Mr. Jerry Powell, Mr. Joy Clark, Mr. Allan Archer, Dr. Curran and Mr. McManus.

Mrs. Willard Stimson entertained Wednesday afternoon with a matinee party at the Majestic Theater, followed by tea, in honor of her god-daughter, Miss Louise Fleming and the latter's sister, Miss Margaret Fleming, who are debutantes of the season. Guests included Mrs. Thomas J. Fleming, Mrs. John Taylor Jones, Miss Evangeline Duque, Miss Helen Duque, Miss Katherine Johnson, Miss Louise Hunt, Miss Anita Thomas, Miss Marguerite Drake, Miss Chonita Vander Leek, Miss Helen Taggart, Miss Mildred Burnett, Miss Daphne Drake, and Miss Clara Baker and Miss Frances Phillips of Pasadena.

This evening the active members of the Amateur Players will be entertained with two playlets to be presented at Cummock. The cockney sketch, "Op o' Me Thumb," made famous by Maude Adams, will be given with Mrs. Fielding J. Stilson in the Maude Adams role. Other parts will be assumed by Mrs. Ralph Williams, Mrs. Harry Curnburn Turner, Mrs. John Cromby Niven, Miss Mollie Adelia Brown and Mr. Harry Seward. One of Lady Gregory's Irish playlets, "The Workhouse Ward," will be interpreted by Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Valley and Mr. Spencer Kennelly. There are about one hundred active members of the organization who will enjoy the evening, which will be given over entirely to dramatic work.

In honor of Mrs. Richard Bishop, who is visiting here from the east, Mrs. Rolland P. Bishop of West Adams street was hostess at an attractive luncheon yesterday afternoon. Clusters of roses and ferns were used in the decorations, and about forty guests enjoyed the luncheon and the bridge which followed. A similar affair is to take place this afternoon in honor of Mrs. Richard Bishop.

Many interesting Mardi Gras features are planned for the Shrove Tuesday ball which will end the pre-lenten season, and which the Bachelor's Club is to give February 4 at Hotel Alexandria. The guest list includes the most exclusive society people of the city, and as all comers are to be attired in fancy dress, an unusually brilliant scene will follow.

Mrs. Dwight Satterlee of Burlington avenue received informally Friday afternoon in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Burt J. Thomas, who with her husband and their two children, arrived from Iowa last week for an extended visit.

Miss Minnie Clark, who is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur S. Bent of East Avenue 49, entertained Tuesday evening with a bridge party in compliment to Miss Ellen Bent, who is to become the bride of Mr. Sheldon Ballinger next month. Pink roses and masses of ferns decorated the rooms, and guests included Miss Mabel Stuart, Miss Margaret Daniell, Miss Ethel Stimson, Miss Lucy Sanders, Miss Petite Higgins, Miss Mary Stuart, Miss Sue Roen, Miss Eloise Roen, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Behymer and Messrs. Chester Lyday, Galt Ingram, Wilt Norris,

Allen Box, Paul Roen, Jack Phelps, Curtis Bent, Sheldon Ballinger, Melvin George, DeWitt Norris and LeRoy Jepson. Friday afternoon the Messrs. Roen also gave a bridge party for Miss Bent.

Among the affairs planned for next week is the reception at which Mrs. James W. Johnson and Mrs. Edward Forgy will preside Friday afternoon at Mrs. Forgy's home, 247 Ardmore avenue.

Mrs. Willoughby Rodman and Mrs. William James Dodd, who is visiting here from Kentucky, will be guests of honor at a tea party to be given by Mrs. Eleanor Page and Miss Decatur Page Monday afternoon, February 3.

Miss Frances Cochran, daughter of Governor T. J. Cochran of the Soldiers' Home, who will be married Tuesday evening, February 4, to Mr. Walter Dodsworth of Kansas City, Mo., has chosen Mrs. Leo Chandler of this city as her matron of honor, and Mr. Chandler will act as best man. The bridesmaids are to be Miss Mary Norton of Riverside and Miss Josephine Gordon of Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. A. Off and their daughter, Miss Georgie Off, are again at Hotel Darby after a week at their ranch at San Jose, Capistrano.

Mrs. Samuel M. Haskins of Orchard avenue entertained with an informal dinner Monday evening in honor of Mr. Haskins' birthday anniversary.

Mrs. N. H. Morrison of West Adams street will give a matinee party and tea this afternoon in honor of Mrs. Roger Rice, who was formerly Miss Leila Morrison.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Wheat of South Alvarado street and Mrs. C. S. Forey have left for a visit in New York.

Miss Marguerite Drake, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rivers Drake, has as house guest Miss Bertha Macomber of Des Moines, Iowa.

Jan. 30, a large party of Los Angelenos will leave for an around the world trip which will cover 31,685 miles. The trip was arranged by D. F. Robertson, manager of the steamship department of the Citizens Trust & Savings Bank. The party includes Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Barker, Miss R. I. Barker, Mr. C. A. Barker, Jr., Mrs. Katherine B. Bayer, Dr. E. E. Burnett, Rev. and Mrs. Chas. Croucher, Mr. James Duncan, Judge F. W. Gregg, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Gregory, Mrs. M. C. Griffith, Miss A. L. Horton, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Lane, Mr. M. J. Monnette, Mrs. Hattie Molloy, Mrs. C. A. Muir, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Noyes, Mr. C. F. Noyes, Jr., Mrs. D. F. Robertson, Mrs. Elizabeth Sherer, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Smith, Mr. E. E. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Walker, Mrs. Marie E. Webster, Miss Ethelwyn Walker, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Williamson, Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Woodruff.

February program of the Ebell club includes a lecture to be given Feb. 3 on "The Beauty of the Bible," by Prof. Maria L. Sanford; Monday, Feb. 10, a musicale by Miss Dorothy Temple, soprano and Miss Gertrude Cohen, pianiste; Monday, Feb. 17, an informal reception to the new members and business discussion; Feb. 24, a lecture by Dr. Henry Van Dyke on "Moral Law in Art."

At the General Wolfe anniversary dinner held recently at Wolfe's birthplace in Westerham, Kent, were present several descendants of the Charles Wolfe who wrote on a sheet of newspaper, now among the treasures of the Royal Irish Academy, the famous Elegy on Sir John Moore. Wolfe was a Kildare man, granduncle of the present Ranger of the Curragh, and the best man of his year in Trinity College. He fell in love when a student, and was consequently restrained from gaining a fellowship; took orders, was jilted by his mistress, became a curate and died young. There is a memorial to his memory in Saint Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

Notes From Bookland

The autobiography of Mme. Judith, the famous French actress who ranked, according to many, next to the great Rachel in histrionic ability, has been translated into English and will be published early in February by the Putnams. The book is not so much a record of the stage life of its author as it is an entertaining account of her friendships—a sort of document in Bohemia. Mme. Judith died last fall at the age of 85. She was the original of Hugo's Marian Delorme, and numbered among her friends Alexandre Dumas, (father and son,) de Musset, Gautier, Louis Napoleon, and others whose names were something to conjure with in their own day, and who are still remembered for their literary cleverness and individual idiosyncrasies in their own country. Another February book promised by the Putnams is from the pen of Ellen Key. In it the distinguished Swedish author takes for her subject Rahel Varnhagen, who has been described as "a prophecy of the woman of the future." According to Ellen Key, there is no woman's book in the literature of the world, except Mrs. Browning's poems, which she would be more reluctant to dispense with than Rahel Varnhagen's "Letters." Havelock Ellis contributes an introduction to the volume.

Official figures, just published in London, show that in 1912 the number of new books of all kinds published in Great Britain was 12,886. Of these, including new editions and Christmas juvenile books, 3,111 were fiction. Works of a theological nature numbered 934. Biography and literary history gave 606 volumes. And so on. "Truly a full book year," writes a paragraphist, "and one wonders what has been the fate of all the crop." Every year one wonders, "and every year the same wail goes up from our literary practitioners concerning the prodigality and worthlessness of the crop," writes Shan P. Bullock in a pessimistic vein to the Chicago Post.

Harper's have just published a new novel by George K. Stiles, entitled "The Dragoman." The scene of the story is laid in Egypt. President-elect Woodrow Wilson's biography of George Washington is announced in a new edition at a new price. There are new editions also of two books for young readers, "Strange Stories of Colonial Days," and "Strange Stories of the Revolution."

Next month Henry Holt & Co. will publish "Tradition," the title play in a new volume of one-act dramas by George Middleton, author of "Embers." Last Saturday this house issued "Socialism and Democracy in Europe," by Samuel P. Orth, in which is given an account of the socialist movement in France, Belgium, Germany, and England.

"On the American Sahara"

Martin J. Boutelle of Pasadena knows the desert and in a metrical brochure, "On the American Sahara," with Beck and "Rufus," he sings the lures of the "land of little rain." Mr. Boutelle has printed much that it were better to have destroyed, but for all that he has true poetic instincts and at times his muse is at one with the grim desert fastnesses he depicts. Thus his "Supreme Sun," "The Sign on the Desert," "Dread Thirst," "Contrast," "The Mountains Sublime" and "The Grand Canyon of Arizona" reveal delicate imagery and a facility of expression that prove the true poet. The booklet closes with a paen of praise to California.

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Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds.

To analyze the delicate charm of Maurice Maeterlinck would be to dissect the moonlight or the star gleam on dewy grasses. It is as elusive as the melody of children's laughter or the sobbing of a woodland brook. The beauty of it is throbbing—it enfolds the mind, and yet impels keen thought, so that it is not a thing of the senses. Yet "The Blue Bird" should never have been placed on the stage—unless it were that hundreds of people will go to see it merely because their neighbors have talked of it, where not one would read the manuscript. It is undeniable that many, many people do not like the

humanity—and those souls are still in their child-state, despite the adult house of flesh—are discovered asleep in their little beds in the woodcutter's cabin. The Fairy Berylune awakens them and sends them forth to hunt for the blue-bird, the symbol of happiness. Just so does the unrest of the human soul send each of us forth, wistful, yearning, to find the land of our heart's desire. Leading them is Light—who may lift the blindness of humanity from their eyes for only the brief space of childhood—for the earth is not yet ready for her coming. Fire and Water, Bread and Milk, the faithful dog and the treacherous cat go with



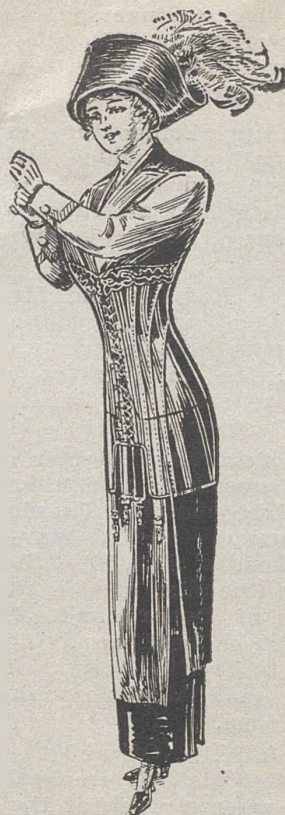
MADAME HARRIET LABADIE, INTERPRETER OF PLAYS

fantasy—do not appreciate the meaning—cannot delight in the theme of it or its melody of beautiful words. Many are afraid to acknowledge this fact—they prefer to rave in a vague fashion over its subtleties in a manner that at once reveals how little they have extracted from the play. But what can be expected of women—society men and women, too—who snigger and nudge each other in a beautiful scene which shows the little veiled souls of children who are yet unborn—and who give suggestion to the poetic pathos of it by a lift of the eyebrows and a vulgar remark.

"The Blue Bird" is a play of the mind. Tyltyl and Mytyl, the two little children, who represent the souls of

them in their search. But the Blue Bird is not to be found. They discover many birds and think often that they have succeeded in their quest, but always the birds change color or die. How often in life we pursue the blue bird, and when we capture it find that the plumage is black or that the fire has gone from the eyes!

In a poignantly tender scene they visit the Land of Memory, where the old grandfather and grandmother and the little dead sisters and brothers are awakened from sleep only by the tender thoughts of those who live—and their waking moments are pitifully few. They visit the churchyard, to see if the blue bird may be hidden in the tombs, but when Tyltyl bids the graves



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be open and the dead to walk forth—there are no dead—only broad fields of white lilies that shine in the moonlight. The Kingdom of the Past; the Kingdom of the Future—the black domain of Night, where Fear broods like a vulture and Night snarls to find her grasp of mankind slowly weakening; the Land of Happiness, where Joy dances, or walks serenely; and then back to the humble cabin—where in the cage is found the blue bird—who has been there always—and who escapes again—for as yet, the human soul cannot grasp perfect happiness.

It is of the Kingdom of the Mind that Maurice Maeterlinck writes. For in the mind heaven and hell can lie—if Self is servant and not master. The fears, the darknesses are losing terror—Death will no longer be horrible when the mind can accept the peace of it. The world is growing in mentality—it is no longer a world of mere physical clash—it is a World of Thought—of Mentality—and it is this that is strongest in "The Blue Bird." There are innumerable beauties in the play; things which mean different things to different minds—but it is an achievement to produce anything which really gives a message. The most dominant figure of the play is Light—in this one character a tragedy is developed and a great hope revealed. "The Blue Bird" is not a play to be discussed as to technic—construction—or from the dramatic standpoint. It is poetry; and the fact remains that the essence of it is not widely diffused on the stage. The mechanics are too visible—and it is too delicate a thing to be handled by careless actors.

In the production at the Majestic this week small Burford Hampden does a wonderful piece of work in the part of Tyltyl, and Editha Kelly ably seconds him as Mytyl. But the others have not been especially well chosen for their parts, although Winifred Harris is more pleasing than her colleagues, and Ethel Brandon in

the dual roles of Mummy Tyl and Granny Tyl makes a stronger impression. The dance of the hours is a pleasingly fantastic bit; and there are a number of striking scenic effects—marred perhaps by the shopworn creases revealed by the lighting. There are several dancing numbers of great merit—notably the fire dance of Angelo Romeo and the water dance of Gwendolyn Valentine.

It is a discordant note to write of stage work in connection with the play; yet it has been a great thing for the stage to have "The Blue Bird" produced. Otherwise, there would be many people who never would hear of it—and it would seem that even the most careless of superficial minds would extract something from it. The marvel of it is that the world has given it such enthusiastic support—for, usually, the good things of life are "born to blush unseen."

Mme. Labadie Interprets Tomorrow

Madame Harriet Labadie, dramatic interpreter of plays, appeared at the Alexandria Tuesday evening in Percy MacKaye's "Tomorrow," given for the benefit of the McKinley Boys' Home, and at once stamped herself as an artist of unusual force. Madame Labadie has a personality of intense magnetism, a rich and musical voice, and greatest of all, an unrestricted power of expression. In these days of eugenic discussions, Mackaye's "Tomorrow" is of more than ordinary interest. It concerns a modern young woman who finds that her fiancé is a man of tainted blood. She loves him, but for the sake of the children who may come to them for the good of the world, she rejects him, and in the end finds her real mate, to whom she can give both love and respect and whom she can honor as the father of her children. The play is entirely unsuited for stage purposes, but delivered by Madame Labadie it is a poetic masterpiece of convincing charm. The artist's distinction of characters, the

imagery she creates in the listener, is a thing to wonder at, and her next appearance is awaited with interest.

"Checkers" at the Burbank

"Checkers" made an interesting story in novel form—judged by the standard of ten years ago, but as a play—it brings to remembrance the days when one wrote one's own plays for the nursery audience, and delivered them to the strain of an orchestra composed of a toy piano, a mouth organ and a papered comb. Dramatically, the play is unworthy serious consideration, from start to finish. It is melodrama, but not even good melodrama. Yet the audiences at the Burbank like it—they love the heroic lines of Checkers, they love his reformation

father, Checkers does a flip-flop and sends Arthur home to Daddy—and, incidentally, goes along. Of course, he wins Pert—that is, conditionally. Father Barlow objects; tells Checkers he must have \$5,000 before he marries her. He goes away to make it—honestly, after promising to leave the ponies alone. But the usual sure thing comes along—Checkers pledges a fifty-dollar gold piece—a gift from Pert—wins his five thousand, just in time to save Father Barlow's bank from the effects of a panic—and it all ends in the usual short-arm clinch. That panic is a scream—it is produced out of the clear sky, and is over before the audience knows what has happened. But the people like it—so why be critical? Forrest Stanley is making a big hit in the



WALTER C. KELLY, WITH THE ORPHEUM ROAD SHOW

and his best girl—they applaud wildly at each fresh platitude. And the slogan of success is "give the public what it wants," so success is greeting the production. Forrest Stanley has the role of Checkers, the racing tout, whose better self is awakened by the light in a girl's eyes. In the opening act Checkers is discovered in a weirdly unbeautiful hotel lobby, attired like a gentlemen, and with a rich young idiot in tow. The idiot, by the way, is going the downward path because of the hard-heartedness of a dotting father and the frapped reception of his love-making of his childhood sweetheart. When the latter, Pert Barlow, comes to town, and appeals to Checkers to save Arthur from his folly, for the sake of the old

role of Checkers, and Izetta Jewell has little to do but drawl charmingly as Pert. Arthur Kendall is well done by Donald Bowles, who gets unusually good comedy out of the drunken scene. Walter Edwards does an excellent character drawing as old man Barlow, Harry Duffield contributes a good bit as an old farmer, and Fanny Yantis and James Corrigan bring down the house—Corrigan in a capital conception of the part of Push Miller, the slangy tout, and Miss Yantis as a caricature of a servant maid. Grace Travers has nothing to do but to look pretty, and the success of her efforts is complete.

High Class Vaudeville at Orpheum

Perhaps vaudeville is the strongest proof of the growing demand for good

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MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. No Sunday Performances.

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MATINEES THURSDAYS, SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS.

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The Morosco Producing Company will offer for the first time on any stage,
Paul Armstrong's new drama,

"A Love Story of the Ages"

PRICES: Nights, 25, 50, 75c. (First nine rows, \$1.00). Matinees, 25, 35, 50c. No higher.

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The Burbank Company will offer Hayden Talbot's laughing success,

"THE TRUTH WAGON"

Seats are now on sale at the usual scale of popular Burbank prices.

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By Special Arrangement a Second Week of

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Direction Mr. Martin Beck

Every Night at 8, 10-25-50-75c; Boxes \$1; Matinee at 2 Daily, 10-25-50c; Boxes 75c.

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things on the stage. Several years ago—in fact, not so many months ago—vaudeville audiences would have treated a production of Oscar Wilde's "Florentine Tragedy" with scant ceremony—whereas its production at the Orpheum this week is given respectful attention in those moments when its merits demand that respect—just as it loses its hold on galleries and parquet alike when the thread of histrionism is loosened. Constance Crawley and Arthur Maude are producing the Wilde tragedy—which is as colorful as an ancient tapestry. It is a pagan bit—like a coal of fire, alternately paling and glowing; and the two leading actors, who, fortunately, bear the brunt of the performance, demand, and are given attention. As Bianca, a pantherish woman of a tropical heart, whose primitive soul demands the conquering strength of a lover and whose gray, quiet husband does not satisfy her desire, Miss Crawley is more truly feminine than in anything she has ever done. She speaks her lines with the cadence of music and her grace is Oriental. Arthur Maude is more than praiseworthy as Simone, the husband, who kills the buccaneering lover and conquers the wife's pagan soul by his barbarism. The first thing for Miss Crawley to do is to eliminate from the company Joseph Wallace. His playing of the character of Guido, the lover, comes near to making a farce of several moments—for neither in voice nor action is he suited to the role. Another playlet on the bill is a lachrymose inanity entitled, "Mother"—a sort of rehash of sob-sister-sentiment; with the usual trio of mother, scarlet woman, and erring son. Louise Galloway plays mother like a gay sou-brette and Joseph Kaufman is unconsciously humorous as the harvesting wild-oats-planter. Ruby Raymond and Robby Heath receive a cold reception in "The Good Old Summer Time," and one is impelled to wonder how they ever strayed on to the big circuit. Chris Richards, an eccentric Englishman, fools away half an hour in arrant nonsense of the absurd sort that keeps the house in a continual giggle. His dancing is also a good feature. The Hassans do novel and daring work on the wire, and Bert Clark, the English comedian, and Signor Travato are holdovers.

Offerings for Next Week

Monday night, Jan. 27, Corinne Rider-Kelsey, America's greatest oratorio soprano and Claude Cunningham, America's foremost baritone, will give music lovers an unusual opportunity to hear the best of concert work. Cunningham, who is said to be the most gifted American singer, possesses a voice of beauty and power, is a musician, a linguist and a writer. For many years he has appeared with the leading musical organizations of the east as soloist. Madame Corinne Rider-Kelsey has sung with all the great orchestras as soloist and has toured both America and Europe in concert. She is the highest-priced church soloist in America, and her special training has fitted her ideally for her chosen work. She and Mr. Cunningham form an unique combination. But one recital will be heard in this city with the following program:

Crudel Perche Finora (Le Nozze di Figaro) (Mozart), Mme. Rider-Kelsey and Mr. Cunningham; In questa tomba (Beethoven), Recitative and Aria, "Il nio bel foco" (Marcello), Mr. Cunningham; How Sweet Is Shee (Old English), Nymphs and Shepherds (Purcell), I've Been Roaming (Horn), a Pastoral (Carey), Mme. Rider-Kelsey; Unit d'azur (arrange sur le celebre Adagio (Beethoven), Mme. Rider-Kelsey and Mr. Cunningham; Go, Lovely Rose, (Charpentier), Le Moulin (Pierne), L'Adieu Supreme (Pierne), Le sais tu bien? (Pierne), Mr. Cunningham; Chant Venetian (Bemberg), Chanson Triste (Duparc), Mandoline (Debussy), Chanson Provencale (Del' Acqua), Mme. Rider-Kelsey; Au bord de l'eau (Paladilhe), Sous la Fonetre (Schumann), Mme. Rider-Kelsey and Mr. Cunningham.

Marcella Sembrich, who is a favorite all over the country, will come to the Auditorium Thursday evening, Jan. 30

and Saturday matinee, February 1. Her coloratura soprano has made her one of the queens of opera, and her appearances in concert have only strengthened her popularity. She has won great success in the east this year, and has the assistance of an excellent little company, with Frank LaForge at the piano and Guita Casini, the violinist. She has a program of wide range, with ballads and lieder and German, French, Russian and English songs, all given in the original. Only two recitals are to be given in this city, and the program for the first is as follows:

Fantasy on Russian Songs (Davidoff), Mr. Casini; Grand Air from the opera "Ernani" (Verdi), Mme. Sembrich; Toccata and Fugue, D Minor (Bach-Tausig), Mr. LaForge; Komme wir wandeln (Cornelius), Stille Thraenen (Schumann); Roeslein (Schumann), Nachtigall (Brahms); Vorschneller Schwur (Brahms), Mme. Sembrich; Romance (LaForge), Valse de Concert (LaForge), Mr. LaForge; Before My Window (Rachmaninoff), Keen the Pain (Rachmaninoff) (sung in English), Les Cloches (Debussy), L'Oiseau bleu (Dalcroze), Ouvre tes yeux bleus (Masse-nent), Mme. Sembrich; Nocturne (Chopin), Scherzo (Klengel), Mr. Casini; valse, "Storielle del Bosco Viennese" (Strauss-LaForge), Mme. Sembrich.

Graham Moffatt's famous play of Scotch life and manners, "Bunty Pulls the Strings," the sweeping success of which has been the talk of London and New York, will open a week's engagement at the Majestic Monday evening, January 27. "Bunty" is presented by an all-Scotch company of players, including Miss Molly McIntyre and William Lennox in the leading roles. "Bunty Pulls the Strings" has won pages of comment from the various dramatic reviewers and all of it favorable. It is said to be full of excellent dialogue, spontaneous and natural, with highly amusing situations, and an inexhaustible vein of quaint humor. Several eastern critics have acclaimed "Bunty" the best comedy of the decade. The story deals with the affairs of Tammas Bigger, widower, pillar of the church, and the object of the machinations of a canny spinster. But his daughter, Bunty, in love with Weelum Sprint, takes matters into her own hands, releases her father from his entanglements, incidentally straightening out her own affairs. It is said to be the most refreshing comedy of years.

Paul Armstrong's newest play, "A Love Story of the Ages," will be seen for the first time on any stage Monday evening at the Morosco theater. It has a novel theme—that of reincarnation, and the first two scenes take place in ancient Egypt, while the latter part of the play occurs in modern New York. The souls of the lovers remain the same through all the ages, and an ingenious and unusual plot has been evolved. Manager Morosco has been prodigal in supplying a brilliant setting for the piece, and rehearsals have been going on for several weeks, so that the first production will be letter perfect. George Ralphs, a newcomer to the Morosco forces, has been specially engaged for a leading role in "A Love Story of the Ages," and Helen Robertson, another new member, will have a prominent part. Besides these, Harrison Hunter, Morgan Wallace, Robert Ober, Herbert Standing, Howard Scott, Thomas MacLarnie, Frances Ring, Grace Valentine and Beatrice Nichols will have good parts. The scenic environment and costuming is to be lavish, and Miss Sallie Farnham, the sculptor, has been engaged for several weeks in perfecting the details.

"The Great Galeoto," which will be presented in the form of a dramatic interpretation by Madame Harriet Labadie, January 29, at the Auditorium, is adapted from the play of Jose Echegaray. Madame Labadie's art has received the warmest critical approval from authorities all over the country. She is to deliver the drama under the direction of Mrs. Florence Collins Porter for the benefit of the McKinley Boys' Home. She is not an elocutionist, nor a reader, but an interpreter, and her art in bringing the various

characters vividly to the mental eye is said to be little short of marvelous. Her interpretation of Percy MacKaye's play of eugenics, "Tomorrow," as given last Tuesday evening at the Hotel Alexandria, was a big success, and has awakened strong interest in her work.

"Mutt and Jeff," the cartoon musical comedy which Gus Hill has built around the funny characters of the same name which are appearing in the various daily newspapers throughout the country, will open a week's engagement at the Mason Opera House Monday evening, January 27. Bud Fisher has moved the country to mirth with the antics of his creations, and Mr. Hill's play is said to give them every opportunity for funny escapades. This is the second season of "Mutt and Jeff," and new scenery, costumes, music and songs have been furnished. There will be a large chorus of pretty girls—at least that is the statement of the press agent—who can sing and dance in addition to their ability to look pretty. There are a number of tuneful melodies of the popular type, and a large company will offer the play.

Hadyen Talbot's comedy, "The Truth Wagon," will open at the Burbank theater Sunday matinee, with Forrest Stanley in the leading role. The play was given its first production at the Burbank last year, with Max Figman in the principal part. Afterward, it was taken to New York and since that time Mr. Talbot has made many changes in it. Originally, the play, which was then known as "The Little Joker," had four acts; but it has been reduced to three, there are fewer characters, brisker action, and even a new title. Forrest Stanley will play the rich young man-about-town, whose ambition is awakened by a girl reporter—who will be portrayed by Izetta Jewell. James Corrigan will have his original role of the politician, while David Hartford will have big opportunity as the old newspaper man. Grace Travlers will have her former part, and other members of the company will be well placed.

Beginning with the Monday matinee, January 27, the Orpheum Road Show will begin its annual engagement at the local house. The topline of this year's aggregation is Walter C. Kelly, "the Virginia Judge," whose unique character studies of the southern dandy in court have become classics. Mr. Kelly has been around the world with his list of characterizations, and has added many new ones to his list. The comedy skit is provided by Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Barry, farceurs of years of experience, who will present "The Rube." It is Mr. Barry's own creation, and is simply a vehicle for laughter. Winona Winter, "the little cheer-up girl," will be the single woman entertainer. She is a versatile little person who sings, dances, patters and does a bit of ventriloquism. Hopkins & Axtell will be the team in a skit called "Traveling," wherein the fads and foibles of those who journey will be revealed for the sake of mirth. The acrobats are the Schmiettans, of the German school, both men and women being thoroughly trained to a fine finish. Retained from the present week will be "Little Mother," the Hassans, and Chris Richards. The music will be at its best standard, and the motion views will present the world's news at a glance. For its second week the Road Show will offer "The Eternal Waltz," the biggest act in vaudeville, with a cast and chorus of fifty.

This week's engagement of the magician and illusionist, "The Great Raymond" at the Lyceum has proved a big success, from both the financial and artistic viewpoint, with the "sold out" sign well in evidence. The demand for seats has been so large that Manager Morosco has persuaded Raymond to postpone his Denver appearance and give another week at the Lyceum, to open with the Sunday matinee. Raymond's performance is different from the usual illusion act. He has all the

artifices of ingenuity at hand, and daily increases the worth of his offerings. New tricks of every sort are constantly being presented, to the great mystification of the large audiences which have crowded the theater this week.

Magazines for the Month

Out West for January seems mostly the work of George Wharton James, the editor, whose name is appended to much of the literary fare provided, including his editorial discussions, "The Historical Elements of California Literature," and "The Benediction of the Snow." Other features are "A Land in the West," "A Chinook Wind," "The Pointing Pencil," "The Man's Capital," "Hope's Anchorage," "Disenchantment," "The Christmas Spirit," "From Palms to Pines," "Under the Study Lamp," etc.

San Diego is conceded a glowing write-up by its sister-exposition-city in Sunset; the Pacific Monthly for February. A study of the "First Port of Call" is given by Agnes C. Laut, the well known geographical writer. "The King of Sports," by Lewis R. Freeman treats of polo, and John L. Cowan writes of "The Oregon Trail." In the miscellaneous articles are "Rancho San Fulano," "Wandering Among the Cave Men," "The Modern Tower of Aben Habuz," "The Doom of the Frogs," "The Pulse of the West" and departmental features, while fiction comprises "James Montmorency d'Algiers," by John Fleming Wilson, "The White Feather," by Nellie H. Stone, "The Fresh Drummer," by M. B. Levick, "The White Lady and the Prophet," by Grant Carpenter, and "The Nurse and the Incurable," third instalment of "The Long Chance," by Peter B. Kyne.

American Magazine for February has a new feature entitled, "The Dairy of a Cop," by an anonymous contributor. Allan Pinkerton's story of the first attempt on the life of Abraham Lincoln is given, and Arnold Bennett's serial, "The Regent" is continued, as is Brand Whitlock's "Forty Years of It." Stories include, "Home," by Lincoln Colcord, "The Return to Nature," by Ian Hay, "The Affair of the Lady Missionary," by Edgar Wallace, and James Montgomery Flagg's humorous and self-illustrated "Come Live With Me and Be My Cook." Other contributions are "Interesting People," "What We All Stand For," "The Friendly Road," Oliver Herford's "Celebrities I Have Not Met," "Experiences of an Airman," "Sara Bernhardt," "Health and Horse-Power," etc.

Auto Accessories at Bullock's

All sorts of auto necessities from goggles to gasoline are seen in artistic display at the auto accessory show being held on the third floor of Bullock's this week, and motor car owners of Southern California are flocking there in droves to inspect the newer contrivances for the motorist which are on exhibition. Not only are the little gewgaws which every motorist must have, shown, but also several cars, several stripped to the chassis in order to show a particular bit of mechanism such as a new type of self starter, and others fully equipped to show the latest 1913 novelty in hoods, windshields and lamps. Competent attendants are in charge to explain to the interested auto enthusiasts each new bit of equipment, and it is certainly a splendid piece of advertising work for which Messrs. Holt and Stevens, the executive heads of publicity, deserve great credit. Practically the entire third floor is devoted to the exhibition, while the majority of display windows on the Seventh street side are filled with things of interest to the motor car owner.

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Books

To achieve an adequate artistic interpretation of the spirit of man's industrial achievements; to wed the guiding force of creative power to the inspiration whose manifestations we call art, that is the motive that underlies and accounts for much in the trend of ultra modern art that has seemed unaccountable and even shocking to the public taste. The art of the last century dealt only with that in which an outward and visible attractiveness accompanied the inward grace that the aesthetic sense demanded. To that extent it was formal and deceptive. We ran much to Sir Galahads and the nude. As for our landscapes only that in which time, nature and the elements had softened or nearly destroyed the human imprint was regarded as a proper subject, while our genre subjects were universally endowed with that comfortable emotionalism that is wont to ooze most freely posterior to the consumption of rich food. Then Rodin came and showed us that we could idealize man in other ways than by making a Galahad of him. And Sargeant initiated the realistic but not inartistic practice of painting his Wertheimers with red noses. Art, in a word, began to discover that it can show man as he is—and remain art. A long delayed compliment to homo erectus industrialis!

But what of the works of man? There remained those prohibitive canons of art accepted without question in the nineteenth century. A cylinder could not be artistic. Cubes, rectangles and many other modifications of form were equally impossible. Wherefore, painstaking artists eschewed these things or distorted them out of recognition, and chimney stacks and trousers continued to flourish unimmortalized by the spirit of art. But Industrialism was already compelling the architect, formerly a sort of glorified landscape artist, to deal with such things from a practical viewpoint. And having raised strange monsters, skyscrapers, wharves, huge aggregations of machinery, chimneys, battleships, locomotives and what not else, man discovers that they are good to look upon, that they inspire, whatever canons of art they may violate. And now we have been asking ourselves: "If they inspire us, the men in the street, why do they not inspire the artists, the men whose business it is to be inspired, as it were, at the drop of the hat?" The question cannot be answered here. Suffice to say that the spirit of industrial progress, the inspiration that underlies all those vast monuments built with hands, witnesses to the triumph of mind over matter, the spirit of power and splendid conception that man has breathed into his masses of steel and iron and stone, has never been adequately expressed either in pictorial or plastic art.

This is, perhaps, tantamount to saying that Joseph Pennell's Panama pictures are failures. And if they were intended to idealize the canal as a huge triumph of human industry and human intelligence failures they certainly are. Mr. Pennell himself refers to the atmosphere of much of the landscape dealt with as being Japanese. Even at that he scarcely realized probably to what extent he was leaning on Hiroshige and his predecessors for his meter. This would have been well enough up to a point. Many of the Panama pictures are landscapes, pure and simple, perfect of their kind. In them the Nipponese nebulosity of the artist is more than excusable. But it is one thing to

draw "Official Ancon" in such a lovely, softening blur of rain and mist or noonday haze as Sesshu delighted in and another to interpret the "Walls of Miraflores Lock" or "Laying the Floor of Pedro Miguel Lock" through a medium consecrated to paper houses and toy bridges. They who have visited the canal in the building state that there is something vastly awe inspiring in the gigantic scale upon which every detail of it is conceived. As one well informed critic said of the Panama pictures "They ought to remind you of hell." On the contrary they are much more suggestive of Paradise, and that indicates exactly wherein they are wanting.

One cannot blame an artist of Mr. Pennell's temper and training for failing to do what even the ultra modern schools have failed to accomplish. When the London "New Age" was seriously advancing the aspirations of the Post Impressionists, Cubists, Futurists and kindred wildfowl—then generally regarded as a coterie of alcoholic poseurs—it was insisted that their splendid purpose was to paint the souls of things rather than the things themselves. Surely, it remains to a disciple of one of these schools—an ardent Cubist, probably—to find adequate expression of the spirit that broods in congregated steel and towering stone, a spirit of immeasurable strength, of limitless power in reserve, ruthlessness and menacing, wonderful but terrible, a spirit, in a word, calling for no lean interpreter. One has seen sketches by Russolo and others that give promise of a latent power of expression of which the older schools of painting know nothing. Their works are indeed gropings in the dark, aesthetic nightmares, bizarre to the point of absurdity and, their most enthusiastic admirers notwithstanding, masterpieces of failure, but they contain the germ of truths never before guessed at, the seed of a wonderfully spiritual aestheticism.

Man's industrial genius having far outstripped every other quality of his mind, including his artistic sense, it is only natural that fifty-story buildings and thousand-foot steamships—and Panama Canals—should appeal to the undeveloped aesthetic side of him as aggravated nightmares. Looking upon them he says in effect "Like a god I made them. As a man I behold them and they are terrible!" This menacing grandeur is their soul, the soul that the modern artist seeks to convey to his canvas. Considering them he may legitimately become a trafficker in monstrosities!

It is all too easy to stray from a consideration of Mr. Pennell's art—the consummate expression of an era of art that will soon follow wax fruit and heroic couplets to the limbo of the quaintly conventional—to a contemplation of the living art of the near future, a future dominated by communistic and industrial ideals, by an immense scientific materiality, by a splendid independence of the dead hand of the Past that we call convention. It is all too easy, and perhaps not fair to the creator of the Panama sketches, to criticize them in the light of a school of artistic expression whose achievements are still to an extent nebulous and perhaps as much enhanced by the pens of their admirers as by the brushes of its adherents. One may at any rate excuse oneself by saying that an artist of Joseph Pennell's fame can stand a deal of criticism and comparison, and that whatever form these

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

may take must necessarily include a large meed of praise for the artist's work. The world at large will never see the Panama canal as Mr. Pennell has had the good fortune to see it and has drawn it, and his sketches will therefore, have, an historical value and permanence that would in any circumstances insure a nationwide appreciation of this volume. ("Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Panama Canal." J. B. Lippincott & Co.)

Notes From Bookland

I might write a book about "Troilus and Cressida;" but I cannot write an article, confesses John Palmer in the London Saturday Review. Criticism of any one of the works of Shakespeare either must give you the opportunity of quoting the whole play in support of your contention, whatever it may be; or it is useless. The only piece of Shakespearean criticism I know of in English literature, valuable for itself alone, is Morgann's essay upon the dramatic character of Falstaff, wherein, as is not too generally known, Falstaff appears upon abundant testimony as a man of proved valor. No one may read Morgann's essay (it is really a book) without coming imaginatively nearer to Shakespeare's Falstaff. Morgann accomplishes his solitary feat—never before attempted and never afterward accomplished—by the extremely simple method of quoting Falstaff at the reader till the reader's patience and the significance of the writer's subject are exhausted. It is the only way; but it is not possible except in a big book, strictly confined to a single point of a single character in a single play. As to "Troilus and Cressida," every character would require several volumes according to your theory of the play varied from reading to reading. I have fiercely and conscientiously held five theories in succession about "Troilus and Cressida."

Schnitzler's latest work will not rank, like "Anatol," among those that have endeared him to German-speaking peoples, and to a somewhat lesser extent to the cultured people of the world. It is in five lengthy acts and deals with specifically Viennese affairs, notes a reviewer in the Chicago Post. Dr. Bernhardt, a Jew, refuses to allow a priest to disillusion a dying patient, who, all unconscious of the near approach of death, dreams blissfully of her lover. The uproar bound to follow in Vienna, with its strong anti-Semitic currents and its all-powerful Catholic church, may be well imagined. With such, in brief, is the play concerned. It will interest both those who know Vienna well and those to whom Arthur Schnitzler is a name endeared. But his work of late seems to become more and more "echt Wienerisch" and less and less universal in its appeal. And this we note with regret, for though he is in his fifty-first year, and wrote "Anatol" thirty years ago, we cannot forget the charm of those exquisite dialogues.

In current English speech Terence

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may be readable and welcome, but hardly distinguished, observes a writer in the London Times. Too much has been abandoned at the outset. It is one of the old tragedies of translation. O dimidiate Terenti! Yet it is quite as much for the beauty of his language as for his dramatic interest that one reads him in the original. He is a well of Latin undefiled; after a long bout with the post-Augustans, for instance, he seems extraordinarily fresh and vigorous. To read him then is like changing suddenly from autumn to spring. With all its polish and material skill in which he seems to have attained perfection, his is still a language with a future before it. It has the sprightliness of a double youth, its own and its writer's. There is nothing quite like it anywhere.

In "The Problem of the Sexes," which the Putnams have just brought out, Jean Finot makes a comprehensive study of woman from the standpoint of her intrinsic fitness for a fuller participation in the work of the world. In the course of his exposition M. Finot gives a paralyzing blow to the traditional view of woman, which regards her as a kind of imperfect man, created, to use Bossuet's expression, from a "supernumerary bone." In the earlier chapters of the book a survey of the position of woman in different ages and different states of society is given, showing that she has, in most instances, been the victim of unjust laws and of domestic oppression. Her attainments in representative walks of life are reviewed, and her capacity for larger service, given a more liberal opportunity, is suggested.

Putnam's are to issue a volume entitled "The Positive Evolution of Religion," by Frederic Harrison. The author has undertaken to estimate the moral and social reaction of various forms of religion—beginning with Nature Worship, Polytheism, Catholicism, Protestantism and Deism. The volume may be looked upon as the final word, the summary of the celebrated author's philosophy—a systematic study of the entire religious problem. "Positivism," to use the author's own words, "is at once a scheme of education, a form of religion, a school of philosophy and a phase of socialism."

"LOGAN THE HATTER"

628 So. Broadway

337 So. Spring

Stocks & Bonds

Another light week has been experienced on the Los Angeles stock exchange but the volume of trading exceeded that of the week preceding and members of the exchange look for a marked improvement in business by February 1. The majority of transactions concerned the oil securities, both in stocks and bonds.

In the list of the latter Associated was in continued demand at prices from \$101 to \$101½. The remainder of the bond list has been strong.

Bank stocks have ruled unusually firm this week due to quarterly dividend payments. Many changes of surplus and undivided profits were recorded with which to begin the year. By comparing stock exchange sheets of December with those of the present month the changes are noticeably apparent.

Both in local and foreign industrial stocks the market has been exceptionally quiet with conditions practically unchanged from last week. Few transactions of consequence were reported in these securities either on or off board.

While the market for oil stocks has been strong its activity has been erratic. The securities which have figured in the week's trading include Mexican Petroleum, Associated, United, Amalgamated, Union Provident, California Midway, Maricopa Northern, Olinda Land and Union Oil. There has been much demand for Bear Creek with little stock offered. California Midway was fairly active around 11 cents with considerable stock changing hands. There has been some trading in New Pennsylvania Petroleum off board at 51 cents. Union Oil has been around 90 for the week and there seem to be plenty of buyers at that price. Union Provident has been strong around \$104½ and the larger stockholders appear to be holding for higher prices. The sales in Mexican Petroleum have been rather diminutive. Amalgamated has been selling at \$78, and Associated at \$41.75.

Continental Oil, a security which has been practically a dead issue on the exchange for several months, so far as recorded transactions go, paid a dividend of 1% per share January 20, which added impetus to the sales. The Columbia Oil Company also has declared a dividend of 1½% per share. The books closed for this royalty January 20.

In the volume of transactions National Pacific is the leader so far this month, many thousand shares having changed hands at from 3 cents down to 2%. Consolidated Mines has been selling at 4¼ cents.

Next week will be the last in which off board sales can be made, as February 1 the resolution recently adopted by the board of directors, requiring that all sales in listed securities be made through the exchange, will go into effect.

Banks and Banking

Lacking power to get additional testimony it desires from bankers, the Pujo Money Trust Committee has concluded its hearings for this session of congress, adjourning until Feb. 25 to prepare an intermediate report. After that the committee will meet to receive some further documentary "proof." Chairman Pujo has issued a statement telling of the plan to end the hearings

and saying that in certain of its most important aspects the Money Trust investigation has barely begun. This first will be emphasized in the intermediate report which the committee will make to congress, and will be made the basis of an appeal to the house for a continuation of the investigation under a new grant of authority from the new Sixty-third congress after March 4.

When the German American Savings Bank moves into its new quarters at Spring and Seventh about the first of March, the California Savings Bank will probably occupy the present rooms at Fourth and Spring.

Increasing its capital to \$200,000, the City and County Bank has now become affiliated with the clearing house.

Stock and Bond Briefs

It will not be at all surprising if the complete plan for dissolving the association of Southern Pacific and Union Pacific comes out one of these days, says a New York paper. The directors of both companies have now reached the point where they have moments of exasperation, when they tell chance inquirers that they don't see any way out of their problem, and that the situation is steadily becoming more complicated. That means that the two boards are rapidly getting down to the real point at issue, which is the price that Union should pay for the stock of Central Pacific. One member of the Southern Pacific board is quoted as saying that "there is a very good chance that Central Pacific will remain with the Southern Pacific system."

Bids will be opened Jan. 27 for the \$50,000 school bond issue recently voted by the city, which were declared illegal after their sale last August.

Long Beach votes Jan. 24 on a bond issue of \$140,000. There is strong objection to the issue because it includes no school for the East Fourth district.

It is possible that several of the leading banks of the city may purchase the \$750,000 state highway bonds.

Corona will vote Feb. 1 on an issue of \$9,000 for parking purposes.

"LOGAN THE HATTER"

628 So. Broadway 337 So. Spring

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

Not coal lands. 013834
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., January 21, 1913.
Notice is hereby given that Charles J. Johnson, of Santa Monica, Cal., who, on Sept. 7, 1911, made Homestead Entry, No. 013834, for N½NE¼, SE¼NE¼, Sec. 27, SE¼SE¼, Section 22, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 3rd day of March, 1913, at 10 o'clock a.m.
Claimant names as witnesses: Joseph A. Anker, John Riley, William D. Newell, Cylurus W. Logan, all of Santa Monica, Cal.
FRANK BUREN, Register.

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NOTICE FOR APPLICATION IN UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE

Serial No. 016527 Not coal lands
Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 13, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that Santa Fe-Pacific Railroad Company, through W. J. Davis, its attorney in fact, has filed in this office its application to select, under the provisions of the Act of Congress approved June 4, 1897, (30 Stat. 1136), and the Act of Congress approved March 3, 1905, (33 Stat. 1264), the following described land, namely:

Lot Two in Section Eighteen, Township One South, Range Twenty West, S. B. B. and M., situated in the Los Angeles Land District, in the County of Ventura, Cal., and containing 53.10 acres.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the land described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or any part thereof, or for any other reason, to the disposal to applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office on or before the 25th day of February, 1913.

FRANK BUREN,
Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal. (January 11, 1913)

013965 Not coal lands
NOTICE is hereby given that William Eckhart, of Santa Monica, California, who, on June 12, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 11383, Serial No. 03985, for SE¼, Section 25, Township 1 south, Range 17 west, S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, California, on the 21st day of February, 1913.
Claimant names as witnesses: John M. Henry, of Santa Monica, California; Chester Galgani, of Santa Monica Canyon, California; Harry Sexton, of Palms, California; Pedro Marques, of Santa Monica Canyon, California.
FRANK BUREN,
Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal. (January 10, 1913)

013951 Not coal lands
NOTICE is hereby given that Wilber P. Roche, of Santa Monica, California, who, on September 26, 1911, made Homestead Entry No. 013951, for W½ NE¼, W½ SE¼, Section 22, Township 1 south, Range 18 west, S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Re-

ceiver, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, California, on the 19th day of February, 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses: Charles Johnson, William D. Newell, Joseph A. Anker, Edward Mellus, all of Santa Monica, California.

FRANK BUREN,

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal. January 2, 1913.

Not coal lands. 03785
NOTICE is hereby given that Lizzie Friederich, of Calabasas, California, who, on February 10, 1906, made homestead entry No. 11006, No. 03765, for SE¼, Section 35, Township 1 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, California, on the 14th day of February, 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses: Axel A. Ahlroth, Elizabeth Friederich, Frank Schaefer, Olive Ahlroth, all of Calabasas, California; Joseph A. Anker of Santa Monica, California.

FRANK BUREN,
Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal. November 26, 1912.

Not coal lands. 013982
Notice is hereby given that Nathan Wise, of Newberry Park, California, who, on October 30, 1911, made Homestead Entry No. 013982, for NW¼, Section 5, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, California, on the 17th day of February, 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses: Charles F. Haskell, of Newberry Park, California; Jackson Tweedy, of Calabasas, California; George A. Frenlin, of Calabasas, California; James H. Robert, of Newberry Park, California.

FRANK BUREN,
Register.

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JAMES B. GIST, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000.00. Surplus and
Undivided Profits, \$244,000.

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S. W. Cor. Third and Main

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E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000. Surplus and
Profits, \$700,000.

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Capital, \$200,000. Surplus and
Undivided Profits, \$73,000.

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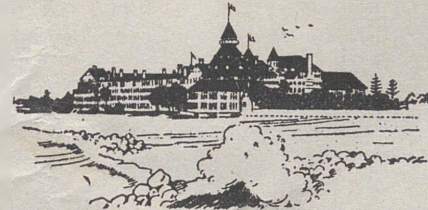
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